THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

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# Wilmington Journal.

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## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

SAMPSON COUNTY.

*Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, February Term, 1868.*

Hester C. Johnson vs. Ellen Johnson, Asahel Johnson and others. } Petition for Dower.

IT APPEARING TO THE SATISFACTION OF the Court that the defendants, Joseph D. Lee, Nathan W. Lee, Dora, Eliza, Keziah and Robert Lee reside beyond the limits of this State. It is therefore ordered that publication be made for six weeks in the "Weekly Journal," published in Wilmington, notifying said defendants to appear at the next term of said Court, at the Court House in Clinton, on the 3d Monday of May next, and plead, answer or demur thereto, or judgment *pro confesso* will be entered as to them.

Witness, W. A. Matthis, Clerk of said Court, at office, the 3d Monday of February, A. D. 1868, and ninety-second year of American Independence.

W. A. MATTHIS, C. C. C.

april 10 9-w6t

Oldest Tobacco House in Wilmington,

HENRY BURKHEIMER,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in

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Sign of the "Indian Chief," No. 6 Market Street,

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Reported for the Journal.

**Address Delivered before the New Hanover Agricultural Society by Rev. S. C. Alexander.**

DIGNITY OF LABOR.

One of the great ends for which man was made, is that he should be a laborer. The author of nature so constituted him physically, mentally and morally, that activity of mind and body is necessary to his happiness. This is a fixed law of our nature, interwoven with the warp and woof of our constitution. Hence, from the beginning, man was designed for an intelligent workman, whether he remained in a state of holiness or not. This we learn from the divine record, "And the Lord God took his man and put him into the garden of Eden to *dress* it and to *keep* it." The garden was to be trimmed, pruned and dressed in a most tasteful manner. It was also to be "kept" or guarded so that the beasts could not break it down and destroy it. This was the labor assigned our first parents while they were yet in their innocency. Then we reason thus, that if labor is one of the great ends for which man was created, and a part of the primal law of his nature, it is certainly no disgrace to accomplish that end. But on the contrary, it is highly praiseworthy and honorable. All the laws of God are "holy, just and good," and the first law relative to labor is, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground;" and again, man shall "*till* the ground from whence he was taken." To obey this mandate of heaven, is not only our duty, but it is honorable and praiseworthy, and also adds to the general stock of happiness. To disobey in this matter, is to set God at defiance, to act lawlessly, and become *drones* in the busy hive of society. Yes, honest labor *is* honorable, because God has commanded it.

"And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Do we not get a broad hint from this divine example, how we should make the agricultural art both honorable and profitable? Adam was placed in a *garden*, as his sphere of operations. This was his farm. It was a small tract of land that he was to cultivate. He was to dress it, to beautify and adorn it. It was also to be thoroughly guarded or "*kept*" from the encroachments of animals. Here let us learn wisdom. Should we not make our farms like gardens? Let them be small and rich; abounding with necessary grain, adorned and beautified with all sorts of fruits and flowers. This mingling in beautiful harmony '*utile cum dulci*.' This mode of labor will be most profitable, and therefore the best, because marked out by Divine wisdom.

One acre may be made to yield more than ten acres do under the common mode. It is better to raise one hundred bushels of corn on one acre than on ten or twenty acres, because it takes ten or twenty times less labor. And labor saved is money made. Thus, as the agriculturist approaches the Divine method of tillage, in the same ratio he approaches success.—And *success* in this world is everything. Alas! that it should be so. It makes wrong right and right wrong oftentimes. But the successful farmer, like the successful warrior, is sure to bear off the wreath and honors of victory.

Labor thus condensed according to the garden system, having *multum in parvo*, the farmer will have ample time for reading and study, without which he cannot hope to make a name in the agricultural world. Without study, he will always *follow* and never *lead*. Thought moves the world, and thought drives the plow successfully. In order that labor be made honorable, it should be the embodyment and realization of thought—careful and well-digested thought; so that when the farm shall be examined, it will be found to be a tangible, visible exhibition of mind. In like manner let the mechanism of the mechanic be well done, and the laborer will reap his reward of praise and honor.

Poor thinking makes poor farming, for thought is the father of action. The agriculturist should have his library. He should have the sages of his art; the writings of grear men; sound-minded, practical men, gathered about him in his house, so that he can consult them on any and every subject appertaining to his avocation. He will thus learn what his land needs; if it be sick, he will know how to cure it, and how to administer the medicine aright.—He will thus become a *light* in his community; his counsel will we sought after, and he will be made honorable and his profession be dignified.

Next, let us notice some of the reasons why labor in past years has been regarded by a certain class as disgraceful *for honorable* men and women to engage in.

1st. Hitherto, for the most part, *learning* and *agriculture* have been separated. It has been a prevailing opinion that a farmer need not be educated; that that art needs no learning; that any one can plant corn, plow and hoe it, and gather when ripe.—This has been deemed all-sufficient. Nothing can be more deleterious to progress in agriculture than this baneful hallucination. And as a consequence, thousands spend their life-time in the great laboratory of nature blindfolded, wholly unacquainted with the laws, properties and powers of production. They talk, and think, and labor as their fathers did; consequently they make no advancement; they make no discoveries or inventions.—This ought not so to be. The farmer should think more of himself and of his honorable profession—a profession that lies at the foundation of all personal and national prosperity. Just in proportion as a nation honors labor—agricultural and mechanical—just in the same ratio will it rise in power, wealth and independence. But when a people become too proud and luxurious, or too indolent and POLITICAL to honor industry, then we will have over and over again the history of Egypt, Rome, Spain and other countries that have fallen a prey to their vices.

But see how this system of degrading labor has worked among us. The promising sons of farmers have gone into the learned professions, and have left the soil to be tilled by the less favored. And the idea has obtained generally that it is a waste of money, time and talents to educate a farmer, and consequently upon a man who has received a liberal education he turns his attention to the study of law, medicine, politics, or some other TRADE rather than become a dignified and useful farmer. Yea, rather than put his hand to the plow and bless the country with an enlightened example of agriculture, he will lie about for years, "waiting for something to turn up," literally doing nothing, burying his talents and acquirements, all because he regards labor as undignified and *ungenteel*.

"Genteel it is to have soft hands,
But not genteel to work on lands;
Genteel it is to lie abed,
But not genteel to earn your bread;
Genteel it is to cringe and bow,
But not genteel to sow and plow;
Genteel it is to play the fool,
But not genteel to keep a school."

I noticed in a late Northern paper an account from Texas, stating that "the young men of that State manifest no disposition to labor on the farm. There is but little demand for clerks. The professions of law and medicine are crowded, and offer no inducements. As a result the whole State is full of idle men." Whether this statement be true or false I cannot say, but one thing is very certain, the young men of the South must hereafter be educated to honor labor and to dignify mechanical and agricultural pursuits. Our present necessities and the future prosperity of our country, both alike, demand this change in our educational system.

2d. Another reason why farm labor has been regarded as dishonorable is owing to a *lack* of *brains*, or a sad want of good sense on the part of those who laugh at the laborer. He who laughs at the honest sons of toil because they are laborers, because they are covered with dust and sweat—badges of their diligence—would laugh at his own misfortune. He who does not honor the tiller of the soil and does not encourage the agricultural art, is an enemy to his own and his country's welfare. Like the senseless Nero, he would fiddle while Rome was burning; or, like a more illustrious one of late, he would "tell a little anecdote" while his country was dying. Because farmers are not experts and adepts, or exquisites, if you please, in all the fashionable fooleries of those who are too honorable to work; because they are clad in raiment suitable to their vocation, and not in kid gloves and silvered slippers, therefore they are looked down upon with an inward feeling of disdain and contempt.

Whatever may have been the foolish and wicked fashion of other days; whatever disease may have preyed upon the body politic in times past, to hinder the healthful development of agricultural science, we ought now to be cured of it. For the great revolution through which we have passed, has quite reversed the old order of things. *Now* labor is honorable, and we should feel it so. For the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, alike, go side by side to the various fields of labor to supply the necessities of life. Necessity has done for our country what education has failed to do. Our matchless soldiery, that won the admiration and applause of christendom, for courage, daring and military prowess, staked their earthly all upon the game of battle, and lost. They then, like brave men, laid down their weapons of war, and with the same admirable courage and energy, have gone to work to repair their shattered fortunes. Never has the axe flashed with such a light; never has the plow moved with such dignity before. Professions in Colleges, Ministers of the Gospel, and the great men that led our armies over a hundred victorious fields of battle, when at last defeated, they alike turned together to honor the plow. Yes, when the laurels of war shall have withered, when empires, carved with the sword, shall have passed away, the honors of the plow will abide as fresh and as fair as the flowers of May.

"There once was a Count—so I've heard it said,
Who felt that his end drew near:
And he called his sons before his bed,
To part them his goods and gear.
He called for his plough—he called for his sword,
That gallant- good and brave:
They brought him, both, at their father's word,
And thus, he, his blessing gave:
My first-born son—my pride and might,
Do thou my sword retain;
My castle on the lordly height
And all my broad domain;
On thee, my well-loved, younger boy,
My plow I here bestow;
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy
In the quiet vale below.
Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away,
The sons held true his last behest
E'en to his dying day.
Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight,
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant might.
O ask not of me what the end may be,
Ask of the country round;
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,
The height is but desert ground.
But the vale spreads wide in the golden pride
In the autumn sunlight now,
It teems and it ripens far and wide
And the honor abides with the plow.

In conclusion, let the ladies remember that they, too, have a great work to perform in dignifying this profession. An encouraging look, and an approving smile can do more to make labor honorable in the eyes of men, than all the Agricultural Societies in christendom. Let mothers train up their daughters to work, and also to regard work as praiseworthy and honorable, and soon they will imbibe that other correlative idea, that idleness is not only not dignified but absolutely disgraceful. And when this opinion fully obtains, fops, loafers and idlers will be spurned from society, and driven out of the land. But on the contrary, how often I have seen ladies charmed with a fine suit of clothes, worn by a something that looked like a man. This something knew nothing of labor, and held in contempt and derision the hardy tillers of the soil. Such a being should excite our pity, rather than comtempt.

Young ladies, you cannot avoid wielding a mighty influence in your generation. See that you wield it for your own good and the good of your country. Therefore let me advise you, for your happiness, never marry a man that will not *work*. Let that be one of the terms in the bargain, or no bargain at all. Then select for your partner in life an honest, intelligent, industrious and systematic farmer or laborer.—Determine to marry no other sort, and in a short time we will have no other kind of men. Let your powerful influence be in the right direction. And to this end let your motto be, *Idleness* is *Disgraceful*, but in *Labor* there is *Honor* and *Dignity*.

## STATE NEWS.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—There reaches us from an entirely reliable source, the painful intelligence that on Saturday night last, the Sheriff of Pitt county, accompanied by several soldiers, proceeded to the house of Reddick Carney to arrest a son of that gentleman, upon a charge of homicide several months since. They reached Mr. Carney's at midnight, and demanded a surrender, which was promptly refused, and the attempt to break into the house was resisted, and firing on both sides commenced.

George, a young Carney, was killed; Mr. Whitehurst, son-in-law of Reddick Carney, was severely, if not mortally wounded; Reddick Carney and Miss Perkins, daughter of William Perkins, who was spending the night at Mr. Carney's, are supposed to have been burnt in the house, fired by the attacking party. The dwelling and smokehouse, with all the provisions were consumed. Two soldiers were killed, two wounded, and the officer shot through the flesh part of the arm. Mr. Whitehurst was captured, and Mrs. Carney and her daughter, Mrs. Whitehurst, escaped from the burning building.

The Sheriff carried Mr. Whitehurst to Greenville, and thus ended one of the most bloody episodes of this age, in Eastern North Carolina.

We recollect distinctly the charge made months ago that young Carney had killed an officer who had attempted to go up an upstairs when warned not to do so; but thought the case had been adjudicated long since. It is remarkable that the attempt to arrest him should have been made at a dead hour of the night, when it is well known that he has been in the habit, openly and frequently, of going to Greenville and other public places in the country for months past.

This tragedy is a most unfortunate one, but illustrates most forcibly the unsettled condition of the country under Radical rule. If the Sheriff had the necessary authority, it was his duty to make the arrest, and public opinion in Pitt will either approve or condemn his course, so soon as all the facts are known. The case should be promptly investigated, and the facts elicited and published, for the vindication of the cause of truth.

Newbern *Journal of Commerce*.

TRADE—Yesterday was more brisk. A good many people were in, and at one time the streets were crowded with wagons. Our merchants are well supplied with goods, and seem determined to sell. In groceries a good deal is doing. People must eat—and we regret to say, instead of being a grain and exporting community, large quantities of these necessaries are brought here from the North. With the finest agricultural back country almost on the continent, we still have to import the staples. This ought not to be; more attention must be paid to agriculture and the cultivation of vegetables and breadstuffs. Labor is not only honorable, but more absolutely necessary now—we mean productive labor. All cannot be merchants and professional men. In looking through this community we are struck with the fact that within the last fifteen years it has not, with rare exceptions, been the case that the merchant or professional man has realized a competency from his business.

Then, if we wish to benefit ourselves and live happy and contented lives, and at the same time enrich the country and build up the cities, we must have more agriculturists and mechanics—more farms and workshops—more factories and railroads—and fewer men who live by their wits.

Charlotte *Times*.

COPY OF AN EPITAPH ON THE ISLAND OF PORTSMOUTH, N. C.—"Here are deposited the remains of Capt. John Wallace, Governor of Shell Castle, who departed this life July 22, 1810, aged 52 years and six months.

"Shell Castle, mourn! your pride is in the dust;
Your boast—your glory's in the dreary grave;
Your sun is set, no'er to illume again
This sweet asylum for th' Atlantic wave.
Yes, low beneath this monumental stone,
In awful gloom, amid the silent dead,
Thy founder lies whose sainted soul we trust
To Heaven's high mansion has its journey sped.
Mourn, charity! Carolina, bewail!
Kind hospitality, his loss deplore!
And own, with one unanimous acclaim,
Misfortune's sons will view his like no more."

MR. EDITOR:—I copied the above epitaph from a tombstone on the Island of Portsmouth, in this State, in the year 1861. Can you give your readers, or those who are curious to know, the former history of Shell Castle, as it would appear from the above to have been a place of notoriety? Yours, X.

Our correspondent "X" asks us a question we cannot answer; but we are certain some of old readers can, and therefore request any one who may have the desired information, to give it to the public thro' our columns.—New Berne *Jour. of Com.*

EDUCATIONAL AND LITERARY.—The annual Sermon before the Senior Class of Wake Forest College, at the approaching Commencement, will be preached by the Rev. W. Hooper, D.D. The address before the Alumni will be delivered by the Rev. A. McDowell, D.D.

The Commencement of Louisburg Female College will take place on the last Thursday in May.

On Tuesday evening of the same week, Rev. Wm. H. Bobbitt will preach the annual Sermon.

On Wednesday, Maj. Seaton Gales, of this city, will deliver the literary address. Concert at night.—Ral. *Sentinel*.

EARLY BIRDS.—The Radical vultures are beginning to swarm Raleigh-wards. Among other arrivals, we notice the pale half of the delegation from Granville—John W. Ragland and R. W. Lassiter. French, of Washington City has been on hand for several days. Chicken Gunter and Silas Burns have left. Congleton and Hofler have pressing engagements at home. It is confidently expected that Cuffee Mayo will soon be on hand, or he may write an e-*pistol*.

### Presidential.

W. G. Ewing, of Quincy, Illinois, replies to the Stewart Grant circular that the state of the public in his district is unfavorable to the Presidential aspirations of Gen. Grant. Mr. Ewing says:

"There were a great many soldiers from 'my district' under Grant, and they say that at Fort Donelson he was drunk; at Belmont he was drunk; at Shiloh he was drunk; at Vicksburg he was drunk. Besides, we think that a man who will deliberately deceive the President of the United States will be swift to break faith with the people."

### The Terrible Tradegy in Pitt.

We make the following interesting extracts from a private letter from a friend, detailing the terrible tradegy which occurred last week in Pitt. Whatever may have been the offence committed by Carney, whether innocent or guilty, the most bloodthirsty and fiendish outrages have been perpetrated yet chronicled in the history of military governments in the South. Can the Union be reconstructed by such means? Can the bleeding hearts of Southern people be mollified by such acts? Will the passions and bad blood engendered by the war be appeased by such cruelties? Will good government, civilization, religion, be promoted by the exercise of such authority? Will this terrible transaction be thoroughly investigated? The honor of the service requires it. Truth, justice, humanity, demand it:

* * * * We are, indeed, in a truly deplorable condition. Do you see any hope for the future? or shall we be obliged to abandon the old State and seek peace and quiet and protection outside of the unfortunate South? I have heard the particulars of a terrible tragedy that was enacted on Sunday morning, 26th April, and if such be the mode of executing the laws I have no hope. Brevet Major Wyllys Lyman, 40th U. S. Infantry, was, by Special Order No. 72, Hdqrs. Military Post Goldsboro', dated 16th April, 1868, ordered to take twenty men and go to Greenville, Pitt county, and "take quarters in the Court House until Friday, April 24th, 1868, when he was to return to Post Hdqrs."—The purpose of this was stated to be to prevent any unlawful intimidation of voters at the election and to secure the due enforcement of the laws of the State and the orders of the military commander. I have seen a copy of the order endorsed upon the order for transportation, so that there can be no doubt upon the point. Major Lyman with his men (negroes) went to Greenville. On Friday morning a sentinel on duty the night before, reported having fired upon some one who returned the fire. Major Lyman declined to leave the place on that day, and therefore had to wait until Monday following, as you know the steamboat goes up only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The election passed off quietly. So far as I have heard there was no disturbance. On Satuaday night Maj. Lyman, with fourteen of his men, left Greenville, crossed Tar River and went some eight or ten miles up the Williamston road to the house of a Mr. Reddick Carney, an old man some sixty-five years old, who had become obnoxious to the U. S. Troops. It seems that in 1865, a negro was found dead in the road. There was no evidence, so far as I know, to connect old Carney with the killing. I do know of evidence tending very strongly to show that other parties were guilty of the homicide. For this an attempt was made to arrest the old man, which resulted in the death of the Lieutenant in command of the troops making the attempt. To my knowledge, at least, no further notice was taken of the affair. Mr. Carney lived at home; made no pretence of concealment; went about the county on public occasions, and to public places, the Court House included, just as any other citizen, and was liable to arrest at any time. Gen. Canby removed Mr. Gray, the former Sheriff, and placed in office Mr. Rich, the present representative. Mr. Rich remained in office until he resigned, on going to the Convention. Mr. Foley, the present Sheriff elect, succeeded Mr. Rich. To my knowledge, at least, neither of these Sheriffs ever attempted to use the power of the county placed in their hands. These Sheriffs were the officers of the law, and if Carney was not arrested, it was not their fault.

Major Lyman surrounded Carney's house about daylight on Sunday morning, and demanded a surrender. There were present in the house Mr. Reddick Carney and wife, Mr. Whitehurst and wife (Carney's daughter), who were there on a visit, Geo. Carney and an unmarried daughter. Mr. Whitehurst, the son-in-law, surrendered, saying he had nothing to do with it. Mr. Reddick Carney, and his son George, refused to surrender. They were up stairs. The women were allowed to leave the house, but came off in their night clothes. The attack commenced, the Carneys and the soldiers both firing. Two soldiers were killed, whereupon Whitehurst, who was sitting on the porch, was fired into and wounded in three places, once in bowels mortally, it is presumed. A soldier, it is said, also clubbed his musket to knock his brains out, but desisted, Whitehurst begging for his life, saying he was a prisoner in their hands, that he had nothing to do with the matter, had surrendered, &c. The house down stairs was plundered and pillaged, and set on fire.

During the melee Major Lyman, who was covered by a tree, received a slight wound in the arm. Meanwhile the fire spread and the flames increased. As the house was about to fall in young Carney came down stairs to the front door, firing as he came, when he was shot and killed, falling out of the door, where he was allowed to remain until his body was so burned and charred that no one could have recognized him. The old man stayed up stairs defiant to the last, and perished in the flames of his own roof tree. After the place was cool enough to be examined the bones of a human frame could be identified. These are, I think, the facts. The Major went back to Greenville with his dead and living soldiers, and on Monday returned to Post Headquarters.

Now, if the laws are executed in this manner, I prefer to go some where else.—It makes me feel very despondent, yet some how or other I cannot think that General Canby will approve of such things as this. An officer is sent to a certain point for a specified purpose, with orders to return at a given time. He accomplishes the purpose but disobeys the order to return; goes to a point to which he was not ordered, surrounds a man's house, sends the women out with nothing but their night clothes on, sets fire to and plunders the house, kills the son, burns alive the father, who was resisting, and wounds mortally the son-in-law, who was not resisting, an innocent man in their custody and under their protection; leaving the poor women naked and starving. It cannot be possible that the United States government will justify an officer in burning people alive! I wait with much anxiety to see what will be the result, as it will, in all probability, decide whether I shall remain in this State. The whole thing is so barbarous that one can scarcely realize the facts. It seems scarcely possible to suppose that a Major in the United States army could wilfully and deliberately burn a human being alive.—After the mind becomes accustomed to so horrible an idea, the destruction of the house is comparatively an innocent thing. Yet the heart of the man who could turn into ashes the home, and even the very clothing, of defenceless women, must be steeled against every sentiment of pity or mercy, and then, too, to shoot an unoffending innocent man, a prisoner, I cannot think the government will allow it to pass unrebuked. It cannot be that the government will uphold an officer in such diabolical conduct, will pass unnoticed an act calculated to stir to the lowest depth every bitter and revengeful passion of the heart in a people among whom he had been sent to prevent and allay excitement; to quiet and soothe, as well as to over-awe every angry feeling. Major Lyman went there in the character of a mediator and conservator of the peace—the defender and protector of the weak and oppressed; he went away a savage. He went there specially to preserve the peace between white and black at a period of high excitement, and took that critical time to make black troops turn white women from their home nearly naked to stand and see that home reduced to ashes, and the husband and father, the son and brother shot down or burned up—all this done by black men to white men and women! But I have made my letter too long, but I think you must admit that there is abundant cause for me seriously to contemplate going away.

### ELECTION RETURNS.

[BY MAIL.]

ONSLOW.—By the kindness of a friend, we have at last the official majority against the Constitution in Onslow. This noble little county gave three hundred and twenty-eight majority against the infamous abortion. All the Conservative candidates are elected. We would publish the letter in full but for want of space to-day. He informs us that upon the affidavit of a bad negro, a company of soldiers were sent to Stump Sound to arrest Messrs. James Spicer and Hill King for alleged threats against the negroes. Upon examination the gentlemen were promptly discharged. The lying negro is permitted to go unpunished. This is wrong.

LINCOLN.—The majority for the Constitution in this county is forty-nine. A valued correspondent informs us that only one Conservative, the Sheriff, was elected by fourteen votes.

CLEAVELAND.—A correspondent informs us that the majority against the Constitution is 222.

GASTON.—We learn by letter that the official majority for the Constitution in this county is 200.

CALDWELL.—A friend writing from Lenoir, says that the official majority against the Constitution in Caldwell is 241. That staunch Conservative and able man, J. C. HARPER, has been returned to the House by a flattering vote. As Chairman of the Finance committee in the last Legislature, he rendered himself most useful to the State. It is thought that Col. E. W. JONES, Conservative, is elected Senator from the District composed of Caldwell, Burke and Watauga.

HARNETT.—The majority against the execrable Constitution, in this county, is forty-five. The entire Conservative county ticket is elected, as follows: House of Representatives, Neill S. Stuart; Sheriff, Jas. R. Grady; Coroner, Allen A. Cameron; Treasurer, James G. Brown; Clerk of Superior Court, Benj. F. Shaw; Register, Andrew J. Kivett; Surveyor, A. S. McNeill. Harnett has done nobly.

CARTERET.—The following is the county ticket elect in Carteret, viz: House of Representatives, J. Henry Davis; Superior Court Clerk, Jas. Rumley; Register, Rev. Jno. Rumley; County Treasurer, Joel H. Davis; Surveyor, John Leffers; Coroner, John L. Guthrie; County Commissioners, Eli W. Sanders, Rufus W. Bell, Benj. L. Perry, Sr., Dr. Samuel Leffers and Alfred H. Chadwick—all Conservatives.

THE MOUNTAINS.—The following letter from a friend in Asheville gives us the following information from the Mountain country, which is all that has yet reached us:

ASHVILLE, April 25, 1868.

*Editors Sentinel*:—The election returns come in slowly. From the best information we can get, the following will approximate correctness:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mitchell County, | | Rad. | majority | 300. |
| Yancey | " | Con. | " | 175. |
| Madison | " | Rad. | " | 200. |
| Buncombe | " | Rad. | " | 170. |
| Henderson | " | Rad. | " | 250. |
| Transylvania | " | Con. | " | 50. |

The counties west of this place will give, in the aggregate, a considerable Conservative majority. Will send you returns as they come in. Respectfully, &c.

RADICAL MAJORITIES.—Stokes 400, Wilkes, 905, Surry tie, Yadkin 120, Watauga 13, Alleghany 8, Mitchell 423, Polk 316, Rutherford 900, Randolph 500, McDowell 171, Burke 144.

CONSERVATIVE MAJORITIES.—Ashe 12, Surry 50, Alexander 134.

ALAMANCE.—This county, officially, gives 15 majority against the Constitution. W. J. Murray, Conservative candidate for Sheriff, has a majority of 157. Dr. Moore beats scallawag Ray, for the House of Representatives, 29. In fact, the entire Conservative ticket, except the Superior Court Clerk and one Commissioner, is elected.—The full white vote was not polled by over 300.

IREDELL.—The official majority against the Constitution is 708.

ANSON COUNTY.—The Wadesboro' Argus of the 30th April says:

Taking the vote on the Constitution as a test, the Radicals fell behind their vote of last fall on the Convention question, (when they polled 1,182 for Convention,) 192, and the Conservatives increase their vote 242. Could not the Conservatives have done better? We have no doubt but that they could. The above vote is 413 short of the number registered, and we have no doubt that a large portion of those are Conservatives.

STANLY COUNTY.—This gallant little county has done nobly. Although she voted in favor of Convention last fall, and elected a Radical delegate to that body, she seems right this time, and if the iniquitous Constitution is to be fastened upon us she keeps the county offices in the hands of her Conservative citizens.

FRANKLIN.—The official majority in favor of the Black Crook Convention, in this county is 196. We learn that the scallawags put upon their county ticket, without authority or consent, the names of five or six gentlemen, all of whom voted the Conservative ticket.

TYRRELL.—Majority against the Mongrel Constitution 157, and entire Conservative county ticket elected. T. J. Jarvis, Esq., is the member elect of the House of Representatives.

HAYWOOD.—This county has given a majority of three votes against the Mongrel Constitution. The poll is: Against 707; For 704. Walter Brown, an excellent Conservative, is elected to the House of Representatives. The Conservatives of this county worked like beavers, and the result is an unexpected victory. Col. James L. Love (Conservative) is elected to the Senate from the 43d District, composed of the counties of Clay, Jackson, Cherokee, Macon and Haywood.

JACKSON.—This gallant little county gives a Conservative majority of 359, and elects a Conservative Representative.

MACON.—A Conservative majority of 225 is reported for this county.

CLAY.—This county goes against the Constitution and elects Capt. Jas. Cooper, Conservative, to the House.

ALLEGHANY.—This county does well. It elects the Conservative ticket throughout and gives a small majority against the Black Crook. The Representative elect is Captain John L. Smith, a gallant officer of the 1st N. C. Cavalry, who lost an arm in the service of the State.

ALEXANDER.—The official vote in this county is: Against the Constitution 501; For 367. R. P. Mattheson is the Conservative Representative elect. Well done for Alexander! In this county Rodman falls one hundred behind the Radical vote.

CHEROKEE.—This county has gone against the infamous Cinstitution, and elects a Conservative member.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.—From the following extract from a Special Order recently issued by Gen. CANBY, it will be seen that Company D, 8th Infantry, now comprising the garrison of this Military Post, are ordered to Darlington, S. C. As Captain of the Company, Col. FRANK, our esteemed Post Commandant, will go with them. In a letter accompanying the order, Col. FRANK is instructed before turning over his command to settle up all unfinished business, especially that regarding the election. This, he informs us, will probably keep him employed until the 12th instant.

Brevet Major UPTON, Captain of Company I, will succeed Col. FRANK to the office of Post Commandant. He is, we learn, a graduate of West Point and a classmate of Col. FRANK:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT, CHARLESTON, S. C. April 27, 1868.
SPECIAL ORDERS No. 98.

[*Extract.*]

* * * * * * * *

V. Company I, 6th Infantry, will be immediately put *en route* by the Commanding Officer, Post of Raleigh, for Wilmington, N. C., where it will take post, relieving Company D, 8th Infantry.

Company D, 8th Infantry, on being relieved at Wilmington by Company I, 6th Infantry, will be put *en route* for Darlington, S. C., where it will take post, relieving Companies C and K, 12th Infantry.

Companies C and K, 12th Infantry, on being relieved at Darlington, S. C., by Company D, 8th Infantry, will proceed to Charleston, S. C., and report for duty to the Commanding Officer of the Post.

The Quartermaster will furnish the necessary transportation.

* * * * * *

By command of Bv't Maj. Gen. ED. R. S. CANBY.
LOUIS V. CAZIARC,
Aid-de-Camp,
Act'g Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

APPOINTMENT OF INSPECTORS.—In accordance with instructions received, Colonel FRANK, Post Commandant, recently nominated persons who could take the required oath for the office of Inspectors. These nominations, it will be seen from the following order, have been confirmed and the persons therein named appointed to office:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT, CHARLESTON, S. C., April 27, 1868.
SPECIAL ORDER No. 98.

[*Extract.*]

I. The following appointments to civil offices are made, to fill vacancies:

*Inspectors of Lumber.*—New Hanover County, N. C.—Eastwood Turlington, re-appointed; Henry Bishop, re-appointed; Isham Peterson *vice* W. M. Monroe; Gilbert P. Kidder *vice* James Alderman; Peter McAllister *vice* L. H. Bowden; Charles W. Bishop *vice* George McDuffie.

*Inspectors of Provisions.*—Daniel Kline *vice* David E. Bunting; Alexander Strauss *vice* Jno. W. Monroe; E. M. Shoemaker *vice* George Alderman.

*Inspectors of Naval Stores.*—Jos. L. Barlow *vice* Jno. S. James; Allison Alderman *vice* Alfred Alderman; Robt. Stevenson *vice* B. Southerland; William H. French *vice* Thos. W. Player; H. M. Bowden *vice* Jas. O. Bowden; Jos. J. Bowden *vice* Jno. C. Bowden; Theodore Denike *vice* R. W. Johnson; Archibald Alderman, re-appointed; Phillip Newman *vice* Jno. M. Henderson; A. B. Thomas *vice* Wm. J. Price.

The officers herein appointed will, before entering upon their duties, take and subscribe before a Justice of the Peace, Notary Public or other person authorized by law to administer oaths, the oath of office prescribed in the Act of Congress approved 2nd July, 1862 When bonds are required by law, they will be executed in due form and filed with the proper officer.

The Commanding Officer Post of Wilmington, N. C., is charged with the execution of this order.

* * * * *

By command of Bv't Maj. Gen. ED. R. S. CANBY.
LOUIS V. CAZIARC,
Aid-de-Camp,
Act'g Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

There have been five cases of suicide in Cincinnati in two weeks.

The Swiss privates in the Pontifical army are said to be deserting in large numbers.

Missouri has passed a law to prevent husbands from abandoning their wives.

### MARRIED.

In this city, on the evening of the 29th ultimo, by P. W. Fanning, Esq., Mr. JOHN McKINNEY, to Miss BETTIE BRAGG.

In this city, on the evening of the 30th ultimo, by John J. Conoley, Esq., Mr. WM. H. JAMES, to Miss ANN ELIZA HARVEY, all of this city.

### DIED

At Melville, N. C., on Tuesday, the 26th ult., JAMES C. STEVENSON, in the 68th year of his age.

Near Tarboro', N. C., on the 28th ult., Mr DAVID BARLOW, in the 57th year of his age.

## LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES FOR THE JOURNAL.

### IMPEACHMENT-ELOQUENT AND PATRIOTIC ADDRESS OF MR. STANBERY IN DEFENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, May 2—P. M.

*Impeachment Court Continued*—Mr. Stanbery concluded as follows: "Now listen, for a moment, to one who understands Andrew Johnson better than most of you, for his opportunities have been greater. When nearly two years ago he called me from the pursuits of my professional life, to take a seat in his Cabinet, I answered the call under a sense of public duty. I came here almost a stranger to him, and to every member of the Cabinet, except Mr. Stanton. We had been friends for many years. Senators, need I tell you that all my tendencies are Conservative? You, Mr. Chief Justice, who have known me for a third of a century, can bear me witness that law, not arms, is my profession. From the moment I was honored with a seat in the Cabinet of Mr. Johnson, not a step was taken that did not come under my observation; not a word was said that escaped my attention.

I have observed him closely in Cabinet and still more in private and confidential conversation. I saw him often tempted with bad advice. I knew that evil counselors were more than once around him. I observed him with the most intense anxiety, but never, in word, in deed, in thought, or in action, did I discover in that man anything but loyalty to the Constitution and the laws. He stood as firm as a rock against temptations to abuse his own powers or to exercise those which were not conferred upon him. Steadfast and self-reliant in the midst of all difficulty. When dangers threatened, when temptations were strong, he looked only to the Constitution of his country and to the people. Yes, Senators, I have seen that man tried as few have been tried. I have seen him endure, day after day, privatiens such as few men have ever been called upon to meet. No man could have met them with more sublime patience. Sooner or later, however, I knew the explosion must come, and when it did come my only wonder was that it had been so long delayed.

Yes, Senators, with all his faults, the President has been more sinned against than sinning. Fear not, then, to acquit him. The Constitution of the country is as safe in his hands from violence as it was in the hands of Washington. But if, Senators, you condemn him; if you strip him of the robes of office; if you degrade him to the utmost stretch of your power, mark the prophecy—the strong arm of the people will be about him; they will find a way to raise him from any depths to which you may consign him, and we shall live to see him redeemed, and to hear the majestic voice of the people, "well done, faithful servant, you shall have your reward." But, if, Senators, as I cannot believe, but it has been boldly said, with almost official sanction, your votes have been canvassed and the doom of the President sealed, then let not that judgment be pronounced in this Senate Chamber—just here, where our Camillus, in the hour of our greatest peril, single-handed, met and baffled the enemies of the republic; not here, where he stood faithful among the faithless; not here, where he fought the good fight for the Union and the Constitution; not in this Chamber, whose walls echo with that clarion voice that in the days of our greatest danger carried hope and comfort to many a desponding heart—strong as an army with banners. No, not here. Seek out rather the darkest and gloomiest chamber in the subterranean recesses of the Capitol, where the cheerful light of day never enters; there erect the altar and immolate the victim.

### Trial of Mr. Davis.

RICHMOND, VA., May 2—P. M.

Mr. Davis' bail bond was renewed to-day, and the accused is to appear at such day next term as the Court may hereafter fix. The Judge said that Chief Justice Chase had told him that he would be in Richmond to preside at Mr. Davis' trial within two days after the impeachment trial had been concluded.

The new bond given has Horace Greely, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Gerritt Smith on it for twenty-five thousand dollars each, and the remaining twenty-five thousand dollars is to be given by the citizens of Richmond. This was done by instructions from the parties named.

Ex-Senator Bright, Gen. Lee and ex-Secretary Seddon were in the city to attend as witnesses. It is thought the trial will take place about the last of May.

Gen. Schofield made several appointments of municipal officers for Richmond to-day, among them are for high Constable, Wm. R. Tall, late Sargeant-at-Arms of the Convention; City Sargeant, Dr. Charles S. Mills, a prominent citizen; Inspector of Gas works, N. Sweetman, who aided the escape of United States officers from the Libby prison during the war, and for Messenger of the Council, a negro named John Oliver.

### From Chicago.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 2—P. M.

The Chicago Methodist Episcopal Conference organized here to-day. Bishop Simpson in the Chair. There were many petitions favoring lay delegation. A discussion regarding freedmen elicited considerable opposition to colonization and colonization societies.

### What Sort of Reconstruction We are to Have.

Forney announces with a flourish of trumpets that one of the new United States Senators from Arkansas is a native of Pennsylvania and the other of New York, and that the new Governor is also a native of Pennsylvania.

The same condition of things will be found to exist in every Southern State.—The

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

WILMINGTON, N. C.,

FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1868.

### Retribution—Negro Equality Comes Home to Roost.

We published some horrid details in regard to General MOWER's sad experience of his own doctrines of negro equality from the New Orleans correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. We now publish a different version of this affair from a paper published in the immediate vicinity in which the outrage was perpetrated.

Half a century ago, when emancipation was much discussed, and even Mr. JEFFERSON arrayed himself as one of its advocates, a colored speaker and preacher was canvassing Virginia in favor of the scheme, and was entertained at the house of some very excellent, but enthusiastic friends of JOHN RANDOLPH. Tradition says that the philanthropic lady who entertained the preacher endeavored to combat "the prejudices" of this sagacious statesman, and that he closed the conversation by saying, "Madam, those who sheet their best beds and uncork their best wines for negro guests, are not very far from having mulatto grandchildren." The application in this case is obvious. Those who think that the races are equal can enjoy the opinion, but those who attempt to force it upon others will merit the predictions of JOHN RANDOLPH.

We hope the facts of this case may be investigated, and if either version which we have published prove true, may it be a lesson to those of the North who endorse, and those with us who approve of, one section imposing upon another a social condition that is repulsive and horrible. In this case if the negro was at fault he received his just punishment, if, O horrible supposition! the woman was a guilty partner of his crime, public indignation should be visited upon those who taught or tolerated the doctrine of negro social equality which seems to have produced such deplorable effects.

But will not such flagrant examples as this dispel the apathy and break down the hostilities of a people? Must it be brought nearer home to have effect? It is a crime against humanity. It may stir a people beyond the restraints of party. It may make a revolution—at least of social opinion,

A notable instance in history of a people awakened to the injustice of a government, by a single act of violence to a woman, is referred to by an exchange which is most applicable in this case.

Virginia was the daughter of a centurion or captain. She was seized by a man of power for his own base purposes. The agonized father appealed to the Roman government and to public sympathy. He abased himself before the brutal judge.—All appeals were in vain. Maddened by the injustice, he plunged a knife into the heart of his daughter and cried out to the author of the deed, "On thee be the curse of this innocent blood!" The bloody knife was the signal of insurrection. The army saw that knife. They had mothers and sisters. They seized the Aventine.—They demanded redress. The party in power were compelled to yield, and the government of Rome passed into the hands of men more just and merciful. A single case of personal outrage will do more to arouse a people to a sense of injustice than any amount of speaking or writing. The publication of facts in this case will do more to remind the North how cruel it is to impose on us what they will not submit to themselves, than all the legislation of Congress and all the protests of the South. It will show them that the cup poisoned for us may and does become their own.—May the sad lesson intimated in the publication which follows have the effect of bringing to the Northern mind the terrible consequences of social amalgamation! What God has formed let not man put asunder, and what God has separated let not man impiously insist on uniting.

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

[From the Hansboro' (Miss.) Democrat.]

We are reliably informed that a most horrible affair transpired on ship Island in the early part of this month. It appears, so far as we can learn, that a young negro soldier gained access to the sleeping apartment of Gen. Mower's daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl, about sixteen years of age. What was accomplished we know not, and can only surmise from the subsequent results. It appears that a younger child called her father, and he and the officer of the day who, upon arriving at the spot, found the negro in possession of the guard, which was stationed in the vicinity of the General's quarters. I appears that a court-martial was at once organized and the negro soldier sentenced to be executed by hanging. But the General interfered and the sentence was suspended, but it is currently reported that the negro was killed inside the fort, put into a sack and thrown into the gulf. While bloody knives and other weapons, bearing the signs of being used, were seen on the Island and the under officers spoke freely of his dispatch and his well deserved death, yet the negro soldiers on the Island were still led to believe that the dead negro was sent to Mobile on a vessel leaving about that time for Mobile.

While we look with horror upon transactions of this kind, and believe that the brute who would attempt the chastity of a white lady could not be visited with too severe a punishment, or one that could be considered cruel, under any circustances; yet we might be excused for thus thinking, for we have deemed the negro as property and our fathers before us and we fought to the best of our poor ability to keep them as property—the place that God and nature designed them to keep, but Gen. Mower, *et id omne genus*, sought their freedom and by might of numbers succeeded, and taught Sambo that he was as good as any body and a little better, he made councilmen, and watchmen, and policemen, and other civil officers of them, and thereby inculcated the idea that the negro was socially equal of the white man, and now Gen. Mower after doing more than perhaps any one officer of his class to instill this idea into the negro's head, has with a vengeance felt the application of his doctrine. His lovely daughtjust blooming into womanhood, clad in the white, loose, tasty habiliments of night, with her hair loosed to the winds of the Gulf, reclines upon the couch, and there in that position is desecrated as to her person by the embrace, clawing and feeling of a disgusting negro. No wonder he complains. No wonder the negro is missing. But had it been some Southern born lady who had lost a princely fortune by the craft, legislation and social teaching of ien. Mower and his fellows, it would have all been well, and had the negro been troubled as in this instance, the party or parties, or persons, even suspected of breaking the law, would be held to strict account, and so we want to hold Gen Mower. We again ask where is the negro that committed the outrage upon the daughter of Mower.

### Frauds and Falsehoods.

The evidence of frauds in the late election are so many and so glaring that it seems almost an useless task to specify any particular ones. And we would not refer to the subject again had not one B. D. Morrill, a man of no enviable reputation, who was Chairman of one of the Boards of Registration in Brunswick county, and used his position to secure his election by fraud, attempted to cover them by falsehoods, and our honest effort to expose them, which is commended by all honest men, been charged as laboring to cause hatred between the two political parties.

In a previous article from information entirely reliable, we stated that this man Morrill had opened the books for registration at his own house, and registered about seventy persons, previous to the 7th of April, the day ordered for the books to be opened. To this charge this man replies: "The Registration books were not opened, nor a name entered, until the meeting of the Board on the 7th."

We propose now to make good our charge that the said Morrill was guilty of fraud and falsehood. And we begin by publishing the following statement from Col. JOHN D. TAYLOR, as to the confessions of Morrill:

WILMINGTON N. C., May 1, 1868.

*Maj. J. A. Engelhard:*

DEAR MAJ.: In reply to yours of yesterday, asking for such information as I could give of the registration of persons at Northwest, in Brunswick county, before and after the time allowed by law, I submit the following statement:

By public notice the books of Registration for the three precincts of Northwest, Town Creek and Lockwood's Folly were opened at Town Creek, on Tuesday the 7th ult., and kept open until saturday the 11th. At Northwest on the 9th, I learned that B. D. Morrill had registered certain persons at his own house, on Saturday the 4th and Monday the 6th. On my way to Lockwood's Folly I stopped at Town Creek, on Friday the 10th, and inquired of Mr. Morrill the proportion of black and white registered there. I then asked him the number and proportion of those registered by him at Northwest before he came down. His reply was seventy (70), of whom about thirty (30) were whites At Lockwood's Folly on the 22d, I was informed by Solomon Smith, the negro member of the Board of Registration, that he had gone to Morrill's house with him, on Monday after the registration at Town Creek, and registered five or six more.

I expect to be able to furnish you the affidavits of persons who were registered outside of the time allowed by law.

Very respectfully yours,

JNO. D. TAYLOR.

I was present and heard the conversation between Col. Taylor and B. D. Morrill, and certify to the correctness of the above statement. I also heard Solomon Smith state that he was present with Morrill after the time prescribed for Registration, when Morrill registered a number of voters at his own house. D. C. ALLEN.

To this note from Col. TAYLOR we append the following extract from a letter from Maj. D. C. ALLEN:

BLACK ROCK, May 1st, 1868.

DEAR SIR:— * * * I can prove by numerous witnesses that Morrill registered voters both before and after the time prescribed by law. John Alford, living at Bolton, registered after the time appointed by law, together with a number of negroes who registered at the same time. Shepard Ellis registered after the time with a number of others at Mr. Morrill's house. Thomas Roberts a white man, registered after the time. Any number of witnesses can be produced to show frauds committed by Morrill. Among them Dr. Lucas, Bruce King, and others will show that Morrill was very officious and allowed negroes to vote for him on the day of election at Northwest, contrary to the consent and wishes of the inspectors, requiring the inspectors to enter the names of the voters on the registration books even on the day of the election.

* * * * * * *

Yours truly, D. C. ALLEN.

Dr. Lucas, above referred to, was one of the poll-holders at Northwest, and became so indignant at the dishonest conduct and illegal authority assumed by Morrill, that he retired after the first day, when Morrill filled his place by an appointment.

To these conclusive statements we append the following affadavit (others can be obtained), to prove the lie direct upon the fellow, by a gentleman who did register before the appointed day and at the house of said Morrill:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, }
BRUNSWICK Co., May 1st, 1868. }

Personally appeared before me, D. S. Cowan, an acting Justice of Peace in and for above written County, J. M. Vause, who, being duly sworn, deposed, that he registered at the house of B. D. Morrill, Chairman of Board of Registrars, in North West District, on Monday morning, the 6th day of April, A. D., 1868, and that said Morrill did administer the oath of registration and enroll my name on a book kept for the purpose.

I signed the oath and Morrill enrolled my name on the Book.

J. M. VAUSE.

Witness,
G. W. LEWIS.

Sworn, subscribed to, and witnessed before me this 1st day of May, A. D., 1868.

D. S. COWAN, J. P. [SEAL]

Among others who registered after the five days had expired, are Messrs. Archibald Rushing, J. H. Alford and Thos. E. Roberts, of Bolton. Their affidavits can be procured if necessary.

We have now submitted our case. We have charged B. D. Morrill of having procured his election by fraud, and defended it by falsehood. Q. E. D.

Men who have characters to establish, and are known only to our people by the favor in which they are held by ignorant and deceived negroes, cannot injure us or benefit themselves, by upholding and defending such frauds and falsehoods.

We desire to call the attention of Col. FRANK to this case. He can well signalize his departure from our midst, by having the frauds of Morrill investigated, and the culprit properly dealt with.

### The Railroad Convention at Augusta.

The Railroad Convention which met at Augusta on Friday last was very largely attended. President BRIDGERS and Superintendent FREMONT of the Wilmington & Weldon, and Mr. HULL and Gen. MACRAE of the Wilmington and Manchester Railroads were in attendance.

The Convention was very harmonious in its deliberations, and amongst other business, adopted the report of a committee of the body in favor of a fast mail schedule between New York and Mobile, and two through schedules daily between New York and Charleston. Under this new schedule, which will go into operation, if nothing unforeseen occurs, on May 10th, the running time between New York and Atlanta will be sixty hours, instead of seventy-two hours, as it now is. Close connections will be made, and it is expected that the great bulk of the through travel will naturally pass over the coast route, in preference to the Tennessee line. The Convention adjourned Friday night, subject to the call of the President.

### Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad.

We are glad to be able to state that President COWAN has just returned from the North, having made a most advantageous sale of the Bonds of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad. The sale was for cash at seventy-five cents. The amount sold is sufficient to pay the entire floating debt of the Company, and build the road across the Peedee River.

It is thought with this aid, the entire completion of this great work will be secured. The increase in the receipts of the Company, derived from the rich counties which the extension secured by the present loan will make tributary to it, will establish its value and importance, thus enabling the Company, as soon as the present revolutionary condition of civil government in the State shall have ended, to sell the remainder of the mortgage bonds at most satisfactory prices, and push forward the completion of the road to its Western terminus.

We congratulate the stockholders of the Company upon the success with which the efforts of President COWAN have been crowned. It is a subject of hearty congratulation to this city especially, the future prosperity of which is more dependent upon the completion and liberal and successful management of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad than any—we had almost said than all—other avenues of trade terminating here. And we know the announcement of the favorable completion of the negotiations of the Bonds of this road will give encouragement and heart to many who may have despaired of any early benefits to Wilmington from this work, and will be peculiarly acceptable in this dark hour of despondency.

Those unfamiliar with the condition of this road and the depressing influence of the times upon all Southern Railroads, effecting not only their credit, but imparing their value and curtailing their receipts, can not sufficiently estimate the herculean task which President COWAN has accomplished, or the difficulties he has overcome and the dangers he has averted. With the aid he has now secured, the work can be and will be pushed forward, and this road will soon become one of the most valuable as it is one of the most important in the State. The hopes of its projectors will be realized at no distant day, and when prosperity shall again return to our suffering section by restoration of public confidence, and the maintenance and supremacy of civil law and constitutional liberty be secured and established, then will this great artery of trade swell with the vast produce of the mighty West in exchange for that of the tropics, giving employment to thousands of industrious laborers, and bestowing wealth and property upon large sections of country. Even then those who labored so hard and diligently in the dark hours of despondency and trouble will not be forgotten—their names will be remembered with gratitude by those who will be reaping the benefits of their labors and trials.

### Capt. Elijah Hewlett.

Upon the 17th April we published a card from Capt Elijah Hewlett, of this county, withdrawing his name from the Radical ticket for County Commissioner. A stranger to us, he was introduced by a gentleman of this city, and at his request, and by his approval, the card was published. We have not characterized the insinuations that the appearance of his card in our columns was fradulent or false, because we knew that every man, white or black, in this community knew them to be so.

On the 1st inst., the *Post* of this city, published an article intimating that the card was fraudulent. The annexed card from Capt. Hewlett is a sufficient answer to the intimation which we pronounce, so far as it attempts to reflect upon us, to be false. Conscious that it is unnecessary in this community to protect ourselves by such proofs against such slanders, in justice to Capt. Hewlett, we publish his card:

WILMINGTON, N. C., May 2, 1868.

*Editors of Wilmington Journal*:—Allow me, through your paper, to correct the false reports circulated in this community, relative to my position as a candidate in the last election.

The card published in your paper of the 17th of April, was at my request, and a true exposition of my principles and position.

My attention has been called to an article in the *Post*, of the 1st instant, stating in substance, that after leaving the JOURNAL office, I went to the office of the *Post*, and expressed my "entire sympathy" with the Radical party. This is false. I did not go to the office of the *Post*, or express any such sympathy, and I never have authorized or requested any person to use my name as a candidate for any office. Since the election I have been influenced by my friends to accept the position to which I was elected, and I have so notified Mr. Schenck. ELIJAH HEWLETT.

### The Example of Tennessee.

The announcement by Governor Brownlow of his determination to call out the militia of the State to suppress disorder and preserve the public peace, is not a very favorable symptom of the workings of reconstruction in the model State in which the proscriptive principles which Congress has since embodied in its laws for other Southern States, were first put in operation. In fact, so deplorable is the state of things in Tennessee that even that leading Republican journal, the New York *Times*, is compelled to declare that "the condition of Tennessee is far worse than that of any other Southern State." The *Times* adds:

"The violence of political parties, the operations of secret societies, the feuds of families and factions, the animosity between the white and black races, the bitterness against the Brownlow government and the Brownlow policy have brought about a state of affairs in which life is unsafe, society is in constant disturbance and industry is seriously prostrated. We have recently had accounts from gentlemen conversant with matters in the middle and western portions of the State, which have given us a more vivid idea of *anarchy* than anything that we have ever before heard of in the United States."

Such, then, is the result of the sweeping disfranchisement of whites and enfranchisement of freedmen, of the stringent despotism and ferocious spirit in which Tennessee has been governed. Instead of bringing about pacification, or even order, Tennessee is now, after three years of Brownlowism, in a condition bordering upon anarchy, and requiring the militia to be called out to preserve society from chaos.

When the Border State Republican Convention assembled in Baltimore last summer, Mr. Maynard, one of the members from Tennessee, made a speech, in which he declared that "when Tennessee acceded to the simple proposition of legislating for the people—for human beings—then all the difficulties of race and complexion and condition disappeared. And so it will be throughout this vast country when we reach that simple altitude. All the difficulties that have shaken us with a tempest will disappear and be at an end." Read by the light of actual events in Tennessee, we may see exactly what this twaddle, and much of the same kind from other radical sources, was worth. Mr. Maynard, however, was perfectly right in saying that, such as the state of things is in Tennessee, "so it will be throughout the whole country," when it is reconstructed on the same principles. Most of the Southern States, through the machinery of the reconstruction Conventions, will soon be in the same political condition as Tennessee, and the Border States are invited to the same entertainment; and there are those who would force it upon them if they will not accept it voluntarily. What a prospect for the South and the nation! The fairest section of the land consigned to anarchy, or else the heavy burden of taxation must be increased to keep up a large standing army for the purpose of preventing the militia, so-called, of the South from being overpowered by an outraged and persecuted people.

### Political Disabilities.

The *Standard, ex-officio*, announces to all Republicans elected to office in North Carolina, at the recent election, who fall within the restrictions of the Howard Amendment, to report their case to the Chairman of the State Committee, that immediate steps may be taken for their relief.

Here is an invitation to the worthy crew, who have deserted their friends, their section and their race for a price, to walk up and receive their thirty pieces of silver. Dockery, the "rebel" warrior is to be purified of his "treason," but BOYDEN, always offensive to the Confederates during the war for his acknowledged Unionism, must go unpardoned because he will not now bow down before the ebony idol which Congress has erected to receive our homage. Hon. BEDFORD BROWN, a life long consistent Union man, who separated from his party and personal friends upon the issue of secession in 1860-'61, must rest under the ban, while Holden, who "fired the Southern heart" and urged and forced others to face the dangers of the war from which his cowardly heart shrank, must be cleansed of his political and moral leprosy by washing in the Congressional pool of Siloam. Judge OSBORNE, the christian gentleman, the upright Judge, the distinguished lawyer, the wise statesman is not to be allowed to represent the people of Mecklenburg, that nursery of liberty, who have elected him, but for the buffoon Brogden, of Wayne, as wanting in sense as he is in fidelity to any cause or principle, the especial clemency of the best government under the sun must be evoked. Hon. JOSIAH TURNER is not to be permitted to take his seat in the Senate of North Carolina, where in 1860, with Governor WORTH, our present Chief Magistrate, and SHARPE, of Iredell, since dead, he withstood the storm which then swept over the State and boldly voted in that Hall against the call of a Convention looking to a dissolution of the Union, while the legislation of the country must be stopped in order to grant this privilege to Winstead, of Person, his fellow Senator, representing an adjoining county, who in those trying days was recording his votes in that same Hall in favor of the secession of the State and the inauguration of war. Settle, a drunken pettofogger, whose devotion to party extends only to his ability to receive the spoils is exalted to the highest judicial station, while his companions in arms in the Confederate army are denounced as traitors and their trial and execution demanded by the immaculate Holden himself.

These are not overdrawn pictures, but true portraits of orthodox loyalty and Southern reconstruction. The removal of political disabilities has been one of the most potential levers in this contest, and when such miserable bribes were the only arguments held out for the apostacy of the Southern people, none can wonder at the material which was purchased at the price. To these men, more than any cause the humiliation of the good people of North Carolina is owing—upon them will impartial history visit the disgrace.

"Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason like a deadly blight
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,
While lakes that shine in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted."

### Florida.

The election in Florida, which commenced on Monday and ended yesterday, has excited great interest in that State, and although the negroes have some four thousand registered majority, there is so much opposition among the Radicals to the proposed Constitution and to the candidates of the party, and such sympathy upon the part of the negroes towards their friends, the old white citizens of the State, that there is a fair prospect that Florida will reject the Constitution.

The election has been conducted much fairer than with us. No Registrar was allowed to be a candidate, while with us probably a majority of them were candidates and adjusted the books to suit their own purposes—a notable instance in Brunswick county, we have recently proved. General MEADE also ordered that "two men of character and standing" should be appointed, who shall be permitted to be present at the opening and counting of the ballots. In addition to this, Col. F. R. COTTEN, of Tallahassee, Chairman of the Conservative Committee of the State, a worthy son of North Carolina, who has signalized his love for his adopted State, and his devotion to principle and honor, by the vigor and ability with which he has prosecuted the campaign, obtained an additional order from General MEADE that "the two men of character and standing" be also permitted to seal the ballot boxes at the close of the election on each day and the boxes to be opened again in their presence. Thus the "stuffing" of the ballot boxes, resorted to with great success in many counties in North Carolina, will be effectually guarded against in Florida.

We trust the telegraph will bring us the welcome intelligence that this noble little State shall have saved herself the disgrace and humiliation which has been heaped upon North Carolina. Working as they have, with so much zeal and spirit against organized power and in the face of such odds, they deserve success at least. God grant it may be so.

### Conservatism.

We publish the following extracts from a letter of a valued correspondent, detailing some of the reasons, from his standpoint, for the defeat of the Conservatives in the late election. There is beyond question much wisdom in what is said, but we cannot agree with him entirely. Reared ourselves in the strict school of Jeffersonian Democracy and life-long adherents and advocates of its principles, we most cheerfully submitted to the wishes of those who had formerly differed with us in regard to the adoption of a *name* under which we should fight Radicalism in this State. Between true Conservatives—those who approve the principles for which we contended in the late contest, and voted and acted not from mere policy—those who really love their country and desire to uphold the Constitution—there is not and cannot be any difference. And we were willing, when all were laboring honestly and sincerely to attain the same great end, and actuated by a like worthy purpose, to show the utmost regard to the prejudices of the most fastidious in respect to names. While there can be really little or no *reason* why former Whigs should dislike to assume the name of Democrat, we can well appreciate a *sentiment* which makes it fit awkwardly upon their shoulders. Yet when the FILLMORES, BROOKSES, ADAMSES, REVERDY JOHNSONS, of the North, and the SHARKEYS, YERGERS, PARSONS and JENKINS, of the South, are among the leaders of the Democratic party, surely there cannot be good reason for their political admirers and former party associates in North Carolina to stand aloof.

We have fought Radicalism at home without success. So far as we are able to prevent they can and will go on in their course without let or hindrance. Their Governor elect, in the face of the direct provisions of the recently ratified Constitution, already proclaims that certain persons who opposed his election "will not, at any period in the future, be even allowed to vote," thus foreshadowing the unconstitutional proscriptions to be adopted to secure, for an indefinite time, the continued ascendancy of the negro party. We are powerless within ourselves to uphold the fundamental law and prevent such acts of tyranny. Our only chance for succor is from the Democrats of the North, with whom, except in name, we are thoroughly identified and upon whose success rests the last hopes for a constitutional reconstruction of the Union. Therefore with them we must cordially unite, and while we may be North Carolina Conservatives, we are National Democrats. We cannot afford to divide our strength. Under the banner of the National Democratic party we must combat Fanaticism and Radicalism, and with it triumph, or be trampled under the feet of negroes and infamous political speculators.

With these remarks we submit the following extracts:

*My Dear Journal*:—I presume I state no new thing to you, when I say the election is over and we have been defeated. Upon as calm a review as I can make of the course of things in this State, I must say I think our defeat is no just cause of surprise. It may too be safely said that Conservatism so-called in North Carolina has proved a failure. Neither is this a matter of surprise. There is nothing in Conservatism to make a fight on, and had we been obliged to fight solely on Conservative ground in the late campaign, we would not have commanded a corporal's guard. Fortunately the Constitution contained so much objectionable matter in itself, that we were able to make some headway in spite of the difficulties we labored under. Never did a party go into a contest with such a tremendous burden of dead weight, as did the opponents of the Constitution.

* * * *

It may be safely said also, that the principles and opinions advocated by the men calling themselves Conservatives, were as various almost as the speeches and letters in which they are enunciated. It did not seem possible to find any dividing line. In some places men were very good Conservatives when the difference between them and Radicals was the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee, and in other places men who had possibly not gone as far on the *radical* road, were denounced as radicals, traitors, &c. If there was any test it was not avowed. There may have been a test however. This was all before the calling of the Convention. Such heterogeneous and discordant elements were never before attempted to be fused in one common mass. Defeat with such discipline was inevitable.

I am free to admit, that the name of Conservative stinks in my nostrils. I am a Democrat and I did not think secession wrong either in policy or principle. The idea that I gained in the field of a so-called Conservative during the war was very much like the idea I had of a traitor. But however that may have been, the men who controlled that party then, now control the party bearing the same name. Its nominees and leading men will, I think, bear out the assertion that its old party affiliations have not been forgotten or abandoned. There was a grand meeting in Raleigh—a general gathering of the clans. It was proposed to adopt the name and organization of the Democratic party, as that was the only one in the county that made any pretence of desiring to help us in this hour of our extremity. This proposition was voted down. Why? Because it was feared there were men in North Carolina whose prejudices were so strong that they would not fight under a Democratic flag. Those fears were well founded. I have heard that a leading Conservative has said that if he was forced to fight under the Republican or the Democratic flag it was doubtful where he would be found. They ask the Democratic party to help them and presumptuously dictate the terms upon which they will accept assistance! It is said, too, that a leading Conservative declared that if a certain individual was not nominated, the ticket could not obtain his support. The demand was complied with; we can never make any headway so long as we regard men rather than principle. Had we done this, we could have made a straight out honest fight with a well organized party, under leaders whose principles we approved, and we would not have had to carry such a load on our backs as their Honors Judges Pearson and Reade.

By the way, have you heard the story in circulation, that Judge Battle would have received the Radical nomination, provided he had consented to sign a certain letter proposed to him for signature, and which he refused to sign! Don't you think it time to throw aside all consideration for men whose allegiance to the cause of our oppressed people is given only upon the condition that they shall have control of everything. Don't you think it time for some regard to be paid to that large class of silent, suffering men, known as Democrats, who have as yet asked nothing, save that peace and prosperity be restored! They have submitted in silence, to insult and contumely from friend and foe—probably fully as much from the former as the latter. The utmost that has been said in their behalf has been by way of apology—by way of confession and avoidance, Judge Merrimon, if I mistake not, opposed the adoption of the Democratic name. If I mistake not he declared in a speech in the Court House at Raleigh, that we were all traitors, and owed our lives and what little property we possessed to the generosity and clemency of the Federal Government. Yet I was asked to vote for him as Judge. I am no traitor, and I don't like to hear a man call me one even in a Pickwickian legal sense. If, since the war ended, a single word has been uttered in defence of Democrats, I have not heard it—everything has been by way of apology, and the apology has been more insulting than the original offence, and this only for the Democratic masses; for Democratic leaders I have seen no attempt at apology even. All this has been borne in silence. I think it useless, if not unmanly, to bear it any longer. Every demand has been complied with. Democrats have yielded both name and principle to the inveterate prejudices of men who can never forget their old enmity. For three years the contest has been fought on that line and under these leaders. The result is an inglorious, disgraceful defeat. If the Democratic flag cannot save us now, we are lost.—Let us rally to that, and fight the Presidential campaign under it.

Telegraphic Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

## THE DEATH PENALTY.

### Shocking Revelations of Crime and Depravity in North Carolina—Thos. Dula Hanged for the Murder of Laura Foster.

STATESVILLE, N. C., May 1, 1868.—Today took place one of the most singular executions in the annals of crime and under the most extraordinary circumstances on record. A terrible crime was perpetrated and a trial that has not its equal even in the Burdell trial followed. The evidence was entirely circumstantial; but at nearly half-past two P. M., Thomas Dula suffered the death penalty; for the murder of Laura Foster, in the presence of nearly three thousand persons of his own race and color.

On the 28th of May, 1866, a foul, inhuman murder was committed in the western portion of Wilkes county, in this State, the victim being Laura Foster, a beautiful, but frail girl, who was decoyed from her father's house in Caldwell county to a place in Wilkes known as the Bates Place, and here brutally murdered. The body was then removed about half a mile from the scene of the murder, and was placed in a grave already prepared for it. Late in August of the same year the body was discovered in a state of such decomposition that it was difficult to identify it. There was a deep gnash in the left breast just above the heart; the wound had evidently been inflicted with a large knife or dagger, causing death instantaneously. It was also believed that the murdered woman was *enceinte*.

The disappearance of Laura excited no alarm for several days, as it was supposed she had gone off to get married or to visit some acquaintances in Watauga county; but at length the opinion became general that she had been foully dealt with, and a general search was instituted, without success at the time. The community in the vicinity of this tragedy is divided into two entirely separate and distinct classes. The one occupying the fertile lands adjacent to the Yadkin river and its tributaries is educated and intelligent, and the other, living on the spurs and ridges of the mountains, is ignorant, poor and depraved. A state of morality unexampled in the history of any country exists among these people, and such a general system of free-loveism prevails that it is "a wise child that knows its father." This is the Bates Place, where the body was discovered by blood marks, and where some ten or twelve families are living in the manner described. It is a poor country, covered with thickets and a dense under-growth, and an attempt had been made to conceal the blood by covering it with bushes.

Soon suspicion attached to Thomas Dula, a returned Confederate soldier, and one Pauline Foster, an illegitimate cousin of the deceased, and, like her, also frail, as the guilty parties. Pauline was then servant to Mrs. Mellon, and between her and Dula a criminal intimacy was known to exist, as also was the case between the deceased and Dula, and hence suspicion more particularly to the culprit because Pauline had mysteriously disappeared for a time after the murder. Her character was the most abandoned of all, and under the influence of brandy she admitted, when asked, that "Tom Dula and me killed Laura;" but apparently recollecting herself, would make no further revelations. A day subsequent to this Pauline, when criminated by Mrs. Mellons, confirmed the above statement, and she was arrested and confined in the jail of Wilkes county. Here she made a confession recriminating Mrs. Mellon, who, she alleged, was jealous of Laura, and she guided a party to the place where the body was discovered.

Meantime Dula had fled the country, but was pursued and arrested in Tennessee, where he was found under an assumed name. He was then lodged in jail upon the evidence of Pauline, as was also Mrs. Mellon as accessory before the fact. True bills were found against both by the Grand Jury of Wilkes, but upon affidavit of the prisoners the trial was removed to Iredell county.

The most intense interest was manifested in this trial, which lasted several days, by the people here and of the surrounding counties. Nearly all the people on the Bates Place were examined, and the most extraordinary revelations of depraved morality were developed. Wilson Foster, the father of the deceased, testified that when he arose on the morning of Laura's disappearance his horse was also gone; that he traced the animal to the Bates Place; that he knew the track by a peculiarity in one of the hoofs. He never saw his daughter alive again, but he saw and recognized her body; knew that Dula had been in the habit of visiting his daughter, and had seen them in bed together, and that they had two private conversations on the Monday and Wednesday respectively preceding her disappearance. Further testimony went to show that Laura and Dula were both seen on the morning of the murder traveling by different routes from the direction of her home to the Bates Place, with a view, as was supposed, to marry Dula; that Dula had borrowed a mattock, the implement with which the grave was dug, the day previous, and that he had been heard to say that he contracted a disease from the murdered girl for which he would be revenged upon her. It was also proven that Dula changed his name, and when being brought back from Tennessee attempted to escape.

This comprised the essential testimony, and the witnesses generally appeared impressed with the idea that Dula was guilty, though some among them appeared anxious to effect his acquittal through fear of some of his reckless associates in the mountains. Another fact attempted to be proved was that the disease contracted by Dula from the murdered woman was imparted by him to Mrs. Mellon, who forced him to the commission of the crime on that account. An appeal was granted from the first trial, and a second one had, when the same witnesses were examined, the same testimony elicited, and the same state of excitement existed. Gov. Vance and his assistant counsel for the defence made powerful forensic efforts which were considered models of ability, but such was the evidence that no other verdict than that of guilty could be rendered.

Mrs. Ann Mellon has not yet been tried, though she was present at both of Dula's trials, and, like him, heard his sentence without exhibiting any visible emotion.—She is apparently about twenty-five years of age, is the illegitimate daughter of one Carlotta Foster, and is a most beautiful woman. She is entirely uneducated, and though living in the midst of depravity and ignorance has the manners and bearing of an accomplished lady, and all the natural powers that should grace a high born beauty. This may in part account for the great influence she obtained over Dula, with whom she is illegitimately connected, and also for the fact that he persistently denies all knowledge of and participation in the murder.

Pauline Foster, the principal witness against both the accused, is remarkable for nothing but debasement, and may be dismissed with the statement that she has since married a white man and given birth to a negro child.

Thomas Dula, the condemned man, is about twenty-five years old, five feet eleven inches high, dark eyes, dark curly hair, and though not handsome, might be called good-looking. He fought gallantly in the Confederate service, where he established a reputation for bravery, but since the war closed has become reckless, demoralized and a desperado, of whom the people in his vicinity had a terror. There is everything in his expression to indicate the hardened assassin—a fierce glare of the eyes, a great degree of malignity, and a callousness that is revolting. He laughs and jokes when spoken to of his approaching end, and exhibits a shocking indifference as to hereafter, refusing persistently all spiritual comfort from attending clergymen. Yesterday evening his sister and her husband, who came with a wagon to take his body, sent him a note from his aged mother, entreating him to confess the truth for her sake, so that she would be satisfied of his guilt or innocence. But further than asking that they be allowed to see him, which request was refused, he said nothing He still remainined defiant, nor showed any signs of repentence, and seemed to have some hope of escape, though he did not say so. A confession had been looked for that might either exonerate or implicate still further his alleged accessory, Mrs. Mellon, but this he refused to give, and left the impression that she is guilty and shall not be "blowed" upon by him, though the contrary is generally believed. He partook of a hearty supper, laughed and spoke lightly, but ere the jailor left him it was discovered that his shackles were loose, a link in the chain being filed through with a piece of window glass, which was also found concealed in his bed. While this was being adjusted he glared savagely, and in a jocose manner said it had been so for a month past. Before being finally left for the night by the jailor, he requested that Mr. Allison, one of his counsel, be sent for, and while charging him with the strictest injunction as to secrecy while he was living, handed him the following, written in a rude manner with a pencil:—

STATEMENT OF THOMAS C. DULA.

I declare that I am the only person that had any hand in the murder of Laura Foster.

APRIL 30, 1868.

Besides this he had also written a lengthy statement of his life, but without any reference to the murder, which was intended as an exhortation to young men to live virtuously and not be led astray in paths of vice as he was. There was nothing remarkable in this document, though it covered fifteen pages.

Left alone in his cell on the last night of his earthly existence, the savage fortitude that had characterized his trials, sentences and imprisonment began to give way, and he nervously paced the floor as far as the chain would reach. This was only interrupted through the whole night by an attempt to court "Nature's sweet restorer," but in vain, if a fitful half hour is excepted, and the condemned, after the weary minutes of that night, saw the last sun he should ever behold shed its glorious light through the bars of the window. After breakfast he sent for his spiritual advisers, and seemed for the first time to make an attempt to pray; but still to them and all others denying his guilt or any knowledge of the murder. The theory seemed to be that he would show the people that he could die "game" with an awful crime resting upon his soul. Early in the morning he was baptized by the Methodist clergyman, and from that time engaged fervently in prayer; but when left alone was heard speaking incoherently, words occasionally dropping from his lips in relation to the murder, but nothing that was intelligible. And thus wore away the last hours of the condemned.

So long had this execution been pending, and as the murder was committed in one county and the trial had taken place in another, it became generally known throughout the entire western section of the State. By eleven o'clock A. M., dense crowds of people thronged the streets, the great number of females being somewhat extraordinary. These, however, came mostly because it was a public day, and afforded them an opportunity to make purchases, but a certain class indicated by a bronzed complexion, rustic attire, a quid of tobacco in their mouth, and a certain mountaineer look, were evidently attracted by that morbid curiosity to see an execution so general among the ignorant classes of society. The preliminaries were all arranged by Sheriff Wasson. A gallows constructed of native pine, erected near the railroad depot, in an old field—as there is no public place of execution in Statesville—was the place selected for the final tragedy. A guard had been summoned to keep back the crowd and enforce the terrible death penalty, and for the better preservation of order the bar-rooms were closed. The curious numbers of the people who had never seen a gallows before visited this structure, eyeing it with strange feelings, and as it was merely two uprights, with a space between them of about ten feet and a cross piece on top, under which the cart with the condemned had to pass, many singular observations were made.

Previous to his being taken from the jail to the gallows many of the condemned man's former companions in the army from the mountain region in which he lived ap-

peared upon the streets, and some singular reminiscences of his former life were related. Among them that it was generally believed he murdered the husband of a woman at Wilmington, in this State, during the war, with whom he had then criminal intercourse. The opinion of all was that he was a terrible, desperate character, and from their knowledge of his former career an anxiety and singular curiosity was excited among them to see how he died. Few there were who pitied him, dying, as they believed him, guilty without a confession, and none sympathized with him.

At eighteen minutes before one o'clock, the guard being formed in hollow square, the condemned was led forth attended by the Sheriff and some assistants, and with a smile upon his features, took his seat in the cart, in which was also his coffin, beside his sister and his brother-in-law. The procession moved slowly through the streets accompanied by large crowds, male and female, whites and blacks, many being in carriages and many on horseback and on foot. While on the way to the gallows he looked cheerful and spoke continually to his sister of the Scriptures, assuring her he had repented and that his peace was made with God. At the gallows throngs of people were already assembled, the number of females being almost equal to that of the males. The few trees in the field were crowded with men and boys, and under every imaginable shade that was present were huddled together every imaginable species of humanity.

Soon the procession came in sight, accompanied by horsemen dashing over the field, dispersing the crowd, and at eight minutes past one the cart was halted under the gallows. The condemned man appeared unaffected by the sight, but talked incessantly to his sister and others of religion, trying, if possible to assure them that he had repented. Upon being informed by the Sheriff that he could address the assembled crowd he arose, and turning his dark eyes upon them spoke in a loud voice which rang back from the woods as if a demon there was mocking the tone and spirit of a wretch who well knew he was going into eternity with an unconfessed murder upon his mind and falsehoods on his lips. He spoke of his early childhood, his parents and subsequent career in the army, referred to the dissolution of the Union, made blasphemous allusions to the Deity, invoking that name to prove assertions that he knew were, some of them at least, false.—The politics of the country he discussed freely, and upon being informed, in reply to a question of his, that Holden was elected Governor of North Carolina, he branded that person as a secessionist and a man that could not be trusted. His only reference to the murder was a half explanation of the country and the different roads and paths leading to the scene of the murder, in which his only anxiety was to show that some two or three of the witnesses swore falsely against him. He mentioned particularly one James Isabel, who, he alleged, had perjured himself in the case, and concluded by saying that had there been no lies sworn against him he would not have been there. This concluded his speech, which had lasted nearly one hour, and after an apparently affectionate farewell of his sister, who was then removed from the cart, the rope, which all the time had been round his neck, was thrown over the gallows and fastened. Standing there on the brink of eternity this man, calm in the presence of that vast crowd, refused to admit publicly the murder of which they all believed him to be guilty.

At twenty-four minutes after two P. M. the cart was moved, and the body of Thomas Dula was suspended between heaven and earth. The fall was about two feet and the neck was not broken. He breathed about five minutes and did not struggle, the pulse beating for ten minutes, and in thirteen minutes life was declared extinct by Dr. Campbell, attending surgeon. After hanging for twenty minutes the body was cut down and given over to the afflicted relatives of this terrible criminal.

Thus closed the career of a man who, though young in years, ignorant and depraved in character, was one of the most confirmed and hardened criminals of the age in which he lived. As yet the written confession above given has not become known, and the greatest anxiety is evinced among the people to ascertain whether he has left any confession that he might be too proud to make them in public. His reticence, however, is accounted for by the wish that he would not implicate his accomplice, Mrs. Anne Mellon, now to be tried.

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An eleven pound catamount has just been shot in Scholarie County.

## LATEST NEWS
## BY TELEGRAPH.

**From Washington—Proceedings of the Impeachment Court, etc.**

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5—P. M.

*Impeachment Court Continued*—The Court was densely crowded. Mr. Bingham concluded in effect, as follows: "He might be pardoned for quoting the words of England's great historian, that had the case against James failed, the tree of liberty would have crumbled, and shall it be said in history hereafter, that through the defection of the American Senate, the fair fabric of American liberty crumbled into dust, and the name of our Republic faded away before the nations? It is the spirit of justice, of liberty, of equality that makes your Constitution respected everywhere. It gives the people the right to make their own laws, and it is this right which is challenged by your recreant President He claims the power to make their laws, and to be their dictator. If he is allowed to do so, it will be by the voice of the Senate, not by the free will of the American people, or through any neglect of their representatives. Will the Senate set him above the Constitution which he has violated, and he swore to obey? Perhaps he was saying too much, but he asked the Senators to remember that he was speaking to day in behalf of a violated Constitution and laws of the rights of a free people; that he was speaking in the name of half a million of braves who slept in death to-day, who had died that the nation might live. It only remained for him to thank the Senate for their attention, and to demand in the name of the House of Representatives, and of a free people, the conviction of this accused President, who stands guilty before God and man, of the high crimes and misdemeanors of which he stands impeached."

Applause followed. Mr. Chase ordered the galleries to be cleared.

A motion to adjourn to Saturday was lost by a vote of 20 to 29. The doors were then closed.

A resolution to admit oficial reporters was lost.

Mr. Sumner's resolutions were discussed to adjournment.

HOUSE.—Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, was called to order by the Speaker in his Alta Vela explanation, and withdrew it all. The part he read was very caustic on the Hon. Mr. Nelson, of Tennessee.

Mr. Carey's resolution withdrawing the tenth article, was not entertained by a strict party vote.

The House went into committee of the whole with the understanding that the speakers were to avoid the discussion of the impeachment question.

NEW YORK, May 7—Noon.

Gold 139¾. Money easy at 7 ₱ cent. Exchange 10¾. Old Bonds, 8¾; new, 9. Virginia Sixes, 50¼. Tennessee Ex-Coupons, 67¼; new 66¼.

Flour unchanged. Wheat a shade easier. Corn 2@3 cents better. Pork lower—new Mess $28 90. Lard quiet at 18¾@20 cts. Cotton dull and a shade lower at 32 cents for uplands. Freights steady. Turpentine favors buyers at 63@64 cts. Rosin irregular at $3 30 for strained common.

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For the Journal.

### TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a regular meeting of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, held in Wilmington, N. C., on the 30th of April, 1868, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Secretary instructed to furnish copies of the same to the editors of the Wilmington *Journal*, *Masonic Sun*, *Square and Compass*, and the *National Freemason*, with a request to publish:

In the providence of a wise Creator and Ruler, we have been bereft of one whom we loved, admired and delighted to honor, our friend, brother and companion, ALEXANDER MACRAE. In submitting this token of our affection and profound respect for him as a man and a Mason, while living, and of our deep regret, that one endowed with so many virtuous qualities has been taken from us, we deem it unnecessary to offer an apology for prefacing our resolutions with a few comments upon his Masonic life, character and services. He was initiated in this Lodge on the 29th day of January, 1818, raised to the degree of Master Mason on the 10th day of February, and elected Jr. Warden in December of the same year. On the 21st day of April, 1819, he was exalted to the M. S. degree of Royal Arch Mason, in Concord Chapter, No. 1.—In 1820, he inaugurated the movement for the establishment of a Grand R. A. Chapter in North Carolina; was a delegate to the Convention of 1821, by which that enterprise was consummated. In 1822 he represented Concord Chapter in that grand body, and was elected to the very important office of Grand Marshal. His name appears at the head of all important committees in almost every Masonic assembly at which he was present, both at home and abroad. For more than half a century he has been identified with the Masonic Institution. His zeal, talents and energy brought him, at an early age, prominently to the attention of the fraternity, and, by rapid strides, he attained, successively, to the Mastership of this Lodge; the High Priesthood of the Chapter; the Grand Mastership of the Council, and the office of Grand Commander of the Encampment of Knights Templar. Ever modest and retiring, he was indebted alone to his conspicuous abilities and sterling integrity for his rapid promotion. When the demon of fanaticism held high carnival in all the land, proclaiming as its great mission the utter annihilation of the Masonic Order—when Lodges, Chapters, Concistories and Encampments, Grand and Subordinate, were swept away by the fiery breath of that Anti-Masonic monster, he bravely withstood its anathemas, and when the Grand Chapter went down before it, and the Grand Lodge was on the verge of dissolution, he gathered around him a few brave spirits, and, through the long years of strife and the succeeding desolation which that fell spirit had bequeathed to our Order, sustained and preserved St. John's Lodge and Concord Chapter. Alternately Master of the one and High Priest of the other he, by his unceasing efforts and noble example, brought back the timid, who had taken council of their fears and deserted the cause; prepared and educated the young and inexperienced, who had the moral courage to enlist under our banner, and thus fortified and defended the institution against the assaults of all its enemies. Seventeen years after its dissolution he was among the foremost in contributing his time, his talents and his means in re-establishing our State Grand Chapter, and in organizing our Encampment and Council.

None were ever more thoroughly identified with our Masonic institutions, and few, if any, ever contributed more to exalt it in character and usefulness.

Though never seeking prominence in any capacity, his many virtues, noble qualities and sterling abilities, ever pointed him out to those who desired council, or a leader in any great or good enterprise, as the man most competent, most reliable and most likely to achieve success.

It is almost inconceivable how one who was ever most prominent and active in all the important enterprises designed to promote the general interest of our State and City, could devote any portion of his time and attention to the study and practice of Masonry, and yet he was a learned and wise counsellor in Masonic law and usage, and well skilled in the practice of all the rites of the various branches of the Order. With an exalted appreciation of the sublime principles of our Order, he made them a rule and guide of a lifelong devotion and service to the Institution, and to his brethren and companions who proved themselves worthy. In every relation of life he held those principles sacred and inviolable. Liberal, genial and hospitable, in his moments of relaxation, he devoted the rare faculty with which he was endowed, to the entertainment, instruction and amusement of his brethren, companions and friends. Indeed, his whole life was a true exemplification of the moral and social virtues.

Twenty years of his Masonic life were passed in one unceasing struggle, first, against that spirit of fanaticism which had prostrated nearly all our Lodges, and left three Chapters only in our State. And then against the depressing effects of that calamity, the widespread ruin which that reign of terror had entailed, not only upon our own State, but upon the whole country, embraced within our Masonic domain. He had been the brave, steady and liberal leader of those who had succeeded in building up the waste places and rekindling the fires upon our deserted altars, and might, therefore, when peace and prosperity were restored to the Institution, have laid his armor off and retired with honor from active service. But feeling, as every true Mason should, that he had enlisted for life, be that life long or short, he abated nothing of his accustomed devotion and labors until admonished by the infirmities of age, to yield his place in the front ranks to those whom he trusted would fill it with honor and advantage to the fraternity.—There is something exceedingly beautiful and touching in the example bequeathed to us by our deceased brother and companion.

Though past the age of three score years and ten, and almost totally blind, yet up to the very last week preceding that of his death, on the occasion of all-important meetings of our Lodge and Chapter, he could be seen, with none to guide, none to assist him, feeling his way from his distant home to our Hall, and when there, cheerfully taking a position in any office that might chance to be, for the time, vacant.

His many virtues cannot here be enumerated. From the vices that degrade humanity, none were more free. Such an example is of more value to Masonry than a thousand homilies upon the virtues that go to make up the sum of moral perfection. Let us cherish it, therefore, as an inestimable legacy that will preserve in our memories the image of him, who, though dead, yet liveth.

We feel assured that we but feebly express the love and admiration of our brethren and companions for our deceased friend, and for his character and Masonic labors, in the resolutions which we herewith submit, but a failure to do justice to either, or both, is less repugnant to our feelings than would be the consciousness that they contained anything exaggerated or untrue; we, therefore, respectfully submit them for your consideration and approval or amendment:

WHEREAS, Our friend and brother, Alexander MacRae, whose wisdom instructed our fraternity; whose zeal strengthened and supported, and whose virtues beautified and adorned our Institution for more than half a century, has, by a dispensation of Providence, ceased from his labors in, and dissolved his connection with, this terrestial Lodge; therefore

*Be it resolved*, That love and gratitude alike, demand of us the highest token of our respect for his memory, our admiration of his virtues, and sorrow and profound regret for the loss that both we and our Order have sustained in the death of one so pure, generous, wise, and faithful in the execution of every trust; who was a father to the fatherless, a friend and faithful counseller to the young and inexperienced, an ever watchful monitor to the wayward and erring, and a bright and cheering example among men and Masons; that, as the Father of our Society, we, his children, will ever revere his memory and prize his labors and his example as a noble bequest to us and to our successors.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary be, and that he is hereby instructed to communicate the action of this Lodge in relation to the death of our brother to his family. And that we do hereby tender to them the assurance of our most sincere sympathy in their affliction.

*Resolved further*, That this Lodge will, as a farther token of their regard for his memory, wear the appropriate badge of mourning for thirty days.

WM. M. POISSON, Sec'y.

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*OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2, 1868.

*Messrs. Editors:*—"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." A few days ago Mr. Manager Boutwell, very improperly, as all will say, attempted to prejudice the President's cause by an allusion to the withdrawal of Judge Black, after having accepted a place among his counsel and which the honorable (?) Manager would have had us believe, was because of the weakness and the hopelessness, if not something worse, of the President's defense. It thus became incumbent on the counsel to show *why* Judge Black resigned the place he had so readily accepted, and in doing this Judge Nelson showed very conclusively that it was because the President would not aid him with the war power of the government in the prosecution of a claim, which his firm, as attorney and claim agent, had been prosecuting, that the learned Judge and *claim agent* abandoned the case and turned the President over to the tender mercies of the Radical Congress, so far as he was concerned.

It will strike the American people as strange, that, of the seven radical members of the House of Representatives who espoused the cause of *one* of the Companies claiming Alta Vela, four of them were of the managers of the impeachment business. Nor will they believe it to have been merely *accidental*—it bears upon its face a different aspect, and, hence, Mr. Brooks very properly moved its reference to a Committee of the House for investigation, that these honorable managers might be relieved of the odium attaching to the affair, if they were not guilty, as charged by public opinion, of the attempt to coerce the President into doing what he had no right to do, viz: Deciding between the two companies, *both American*, claiming this little island. Of course it was not expected that the investigation would be permitted. The Radical party seem to have a great horror of Investigation Committees when one or more *of them* is to be the subject of scrutiny; but do not hesitate to appoint Committees to swell out, or even *invent* charges against the small number of opponents, that the insane excitement of the last few years and the corrupt action of Congress has left in the two Houses. Yet, though the investigation was not allowed, this little band of patriots in the House managed against the most indecent opposition of the majority, to get some of the facts of the case before the Country, and that they penetrated the armor of these immaculate radical impeachers is manifest from the course pursued by Logan and Butler in explaining their action.

Poor little Logan at one time evinced a lofty ambition—he hung on to the coat tail of Stephen A. Douglas and, proud of being patronized by him, bent all his energies to getting himself up on the model of the Illinois giant. He dressed, and walked, and talked so much like him that one might have been excused the suspicion that he had inherited some of his old clothes and speeches. His resemblance to Douglas was as striking as that of Tom Thumb, with a continental uniform on, to George Washington. He became a sort of miniature editor, a sort of pocket Douglas. But, alas! *"tempora mutantur et nos,"* &c., Douglas was gathered to his fathers, and his little fugleman, who had grown to be a considerable pigmy in his shadow, has had to seek some other leader.

Happily for him he did not have to wait long. Massachusetts, that had once been heard in Congress through such men as Webster and Winthrop and Everett had, under the leadership of Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, fallen so low as to find a fitting representative in Ben Butler! What a fall was there, my countrymen! From Edward Everett, the gentleman, to Ben Butler, the beast!

There were many points of resemblance between these two "honorables:" Butler had been a Democrat, with a pro-slavery record, and professed a belief in the doctrine of Stephen A. Douglas, that "this is a *white man's government*, made by white men, for white men, and should be administered by white men," all of which Logan, also, professed most steadfastly to believe. Each had gone into the war from sinister motives, and when the war ended deserted their party and were elected to Congress on the strength of their treachery. These affinities, as might be supposed, drew the two worthies together, but, inasmuch as the Hon. Ben. brooked no *equal*, the Hon. John could only sit at his feet and learn of him, and he entered his train as an imitator. He has cultivated a heavy moustache, so heavy, indeed, that he presents the appearance of *a little fellow fastened to a moustache*, and has proved himself such an apt scholar that he already plays the role of bully very well, and to judge from his effort yesterday afternoon, in which he charged sundry Democrats with wilful falsehood and called one "a blackguard," he will soon be as great a blackguard as Ben Butler himself.

Now, when this Alta Vela matter was up in the High Court, and Judge Nelson, in repelling Butler's insults, suggested the propriety of "settling these personal matters elsewhere," giving a sort of saltpetre odor to the atmosphere, the Hon. John replied, as gently as a sucking dove. In the House, the theatre of his bullyings, the majority is so great that the radical can do as he pleases, and here he can rant and abuse better men who are restrained in a great measure from bringing a sailing accusation against him, primarily by their own self-respect, and secondly, by the desire to remain to represent their constituencies, for the same rule is applied there that is operative in the case of the South; the Democrats have no rights that the Radical majority are bound to respect.

In the course of the discussion, Butler essayed the *ad hominem* with Mr. Brooks, having learned something of its effectiveness from a painful experience with Mr. Evarts, in what he has done much towards making a "High old Court." He made a statement in regard to a law-suit between the several proprioprietors of the "Express" (N. Y.) which he spoke of as "a penny-a-line sheet, published by fellows named Brooks," &c., and which Mr. Brooks said did not approximate in the least degree to the truth. Mr. Brooks said further, that he could not expect to rival Messrs. Logan and Butler in "billingsgate," as he had been trained in a different school of debates, whereupon Butler wanted to know if he did not charge him with being "a gold robber," and Mr. Brooks said yes, and the Court of New York sustained the charge, and made him refund the amount ($60,000) stolen. The "beast" finding he had waked up the wrong passenger, kept his mouth closed as tight as if a pad-lock had been put on it, and Alta Vela was laid on the table.

Mr. Evarts, whom Butler styles "a pseudo Republican," closed his great argument yesterday at 3 o'clock, and Mr. Stanbery closed his this afternoon about the same hour. It is now understood that Mr. Bingham will commence on Monday the closing speech for the prosecution, after which the case will go to the Court.

When Mr. Evarts the other day reminded Butler that he had charged Bingham with *the murder of Mrs. Surratt*, and Bingham that he had charged Butler with *stealing* and other high crimes and misdemeanors, the noble pair of brothers, sworn friends, occupied front seats at the managers' table, and each looked as if he'd sell out his interest in the case at a very low figure. Murderer and thief both looked as if it would be a friendly thing for some rock or mountain to fall upon them and hide them. It was too bad that this old sore should be scratched over, and it was suggested that were the counsel responsible for words spoken in the discussion he would have been liable to prosecution under the law prohibiting *cruelty to animals*.

A writer in the editorial columns of the "Chronicle" of this morning, under the charming title: "Gov. Holden," thus refers to certain gentlemen of the Republican party in North Carolina. "Disorganizing Republicans were found willing to defame his private and public character and to predict that he would prove a burden to the cause he so fearlessly champions." Jerusalem!—where could these "disorganizing Republicans" have found words that would express all the meanness of W. W. H., much more expressions that would "defame" him—*that* is impossible.

The gentlemen who could'nt swallow the X. P. G. had better come out from among the wicked—for so long as they remain, the bare fact that they are gentlemen will mark them out for the shafts of their meaner and more numerous comrades.

SI TOD.

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## STATE NEWS.

MILITARY CHANGES.—It is understood that Col. Bomford and his command have been ordered from this Post to Charleston. We have not heard definitely who is to succeed him, but there is some talk that General Canby will establish his headquarters for the summer in this city. Good men in this community and elsewhere throughout his command, will part with Col. Bomford with regret. He has administered his delicate and responsible duties fairly, impartially and as a conscientious officer. As there is to be a change, we hope that the rumor is true that General Canby is to come to Raleigh in person.

If an expression of the wishes and feelings of this community could be the means of retaining the services of Col. Bomford in this command, we have no doubt that the signatures of every gentleman and lady in this city could be obtained to a petition to General Canby to continue him among us.—*Sentinel.*

HYDE.—We are glad to learn that the first rumor with regard to this gallant little county is incorrect. It gives a handsome majority against the infamous Constitution and elects a Conservative member.

STILL THEY COME.—The Radical vultures continue to swarm Raleigh-wards. Yesterday favored us with the presence of several of the cormorant flock. Brogden was here, looking unusually like Curtis,—Heaton and Robinson were on hand, and several others of the delectables were congregated.—They were either attracted to the nigger jubilation last night, or they are concocting some fresh schemes of mischief. Let them go ahead and "run the masheen."

*Sentinel.*

LAWLESSNESS.—Whither are we tending? To a *black* anarchy? From every quarter of the State we hear of disturbances by negroes. The Rutherfordton *Vindicator* says, that scarcely a night passes, but what it is "made hideous" by the congregation of drunken and boisterous negroes on the streets. On Friday evening last, a group of negroes gathered before the door of a worthy minister in that place, and made use of loud and most indecent language, to the great annoyance of all the residents in the vicinity.

SCALLAWAGS.—It is ascertained that only three men with white skins voted the "bed bug" ticket in Caswell.

HON. BEDFORD BROWN.—The sumblimest spectacle presented in the late contest was that of this distinguished statesman and patriot canvassing against the new Constitution. He was the Conservative candidate for the State in Caswell, and it was mainly owing to his exertions that that county, in which there was more than 700 registered majority of negro votes, gave a majority against the Constitution, and elected the Conservative ticket for State and county officers.

Col. Brown is, we believe, the oldest public man in North Carolina, with a single exception. That exception is the Hon. Weldon N. Edwards, of Warren. Colonel Brown first entered public life as a member of the Legislature in the year 1815, more than fifty-two years ago. Since that time he has filled the highest positions of honor and trust which it was in the power of the State to confer upon him, and filled them to the satisfaction of all. The measure of his honorable ambition was full, and no motive but that of the loftiest patriotism could ever have tempted him to appear upon the political arena again. Influenced by such considerations as these he became a candidate for Congress in 1865—believing that, from his extensive acquaintance and intimacy with the public men of the North, he could render very important service to the people of North Carolina. As is known, we were his successful competitor in that contest. We only refer to it to bear testimony to his lofty and chivalrous bearing in the canvass, and to the patriotism which we believe influenced him in becoming a candidate. During the canvass he repeatedly told us that, whether elected or defeated, that would be his *last* appearance before the public as a candidate for office.

But alas! the hope of a speedy and harmonious reunion of the States, which he at that time anticipated, and in which he was so anxious to assist as the closing scene of his long and useful public life, was destined not then, and perhaps never, to be realized. A more alraming crisis in the history of his beloved State than ever before threatened it has arisen. True to the instincts of his blood, his noble nature and true patriotism, he again buckled on his armor to do battle for the cause of civilization and good government—for "God and his native land." And most nobly and gallantly has he done his part. He now goes to the Senate, where, though he, and those who acted with him, may be overborne by numbers, yet his venerable years, his long experience, his unquestioned patriotism, and his many and chivalrous bearing, will command the respect of even the most reckless of his opponents. Though he cannot control the Legislature, his influence will yet be felt for good.

His canvass against the Constitution, and his term of service in the Senate, will, in all human probability, close his long and useful public career. And the cause in which he fought his last political contest was one worthy to close the career of such a man, however much we and posterity may regret that it ever arose.

No higher compliment could possibly be paid to his high integrity, great worth and exalted patriotism, than the manner in which he has always been sustained by the people of the intelligent county of Caswell. Before them he was always omnipotent, and the recent election shows that this confidence in him was not confined alone to the white people of the county.

*Old North State.*

FRAUDS.—The two separate Boards of Registration, for the two separate counties of Stokes and Forsythe *both met in Winston*, and continued there during the five days of registration,—although one of the Boards was advertised to meet at another place, which it never did, thereby disappointing a number of voters, who had a right to register. This is of a piece with the manner in which "the thing was done" all over the State.—*Sentinel.*

BOYDEN'S MAJORITY.—The Hon. Nathaniel Boyden's majority over that patriarchal fossil, Daddy Knowles, is upwards of 1,400.

THE TRANS-MONTANE COUNTRY—IT DOES NOBLY!—ASHEVILLE, April 28, 1868.—EDITORS SENTINEL:—Haywood county has given a majority of three against the Constitution. Garret, late of the Convention, is defeated by Mr. Brown, good Conservative.

Jackson gave a majority of 268 against the Constitution. Macon a majority of 190 against it. Clay, it is said, has given us over a hundred majority. Cherokee, it is thought, is all right.

Old *Mark May* was a candidate in the counties mentioned above for the Senate, and is badly beaten by Dr. Love, of Franklin, Macon county.

Our majority in Yancey county is considerably over 200, instead of 175, as heretofore reported.

A. H. Jones, Esq., candidate for Congress, *is perhaps beaten.*

SIXTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT—THE SOLICITOR.—We learn that, owing to the fact that the Radical tickets, having Col. Cantwell's name on them, failed to reach the lower counties of this Judicial District in time, Gen. W. R. Cox, the Conservative candidate, received large majorities in Northampton and Halifax, and is elected Solicitor of this District by a majority of 22 votes.

SENIOR SPEAKING AT THE UNIVERSITY.—CHAPEL HILL, N. C., May 2, 1868.—*To the Editors of the Sentinel*:—GENTLEMEN:—The Senior speaking of this Institution began on the 30th ult. and continued two days. The weather was pleasant and everything passed off agreeably. The speakers were encouraged by the presence of the ladies, which contributed, to a considerable extent, to the complete success of the festival.

The entertainment was opened on the first day with a very eloquent address by Mr. William S. Pearson, of Morganton, on Daniel Webster. He was followed by a good many others, but none of any particular note, except Mr. Thomas A. McNeill, of Robeson County, who spoke of his father-land "Scotland."

The exercises of the second day were opened by Mr. Eugene Morehead, of Greensboro', on the "Old North State," and closed by Mr. Paul B. Means, of Cabarrus County, on the "Evils and Instabilities of Democracies."

All of the speakers acquitted themselves well. The best speakers are as follows,—They rank in the order of their names: Messrs. Means, Pearson, Busbee and McNeill.

The following are the grades of the Class, there being twenty Seniors: The first distinction was awarded to Messrs. Busbee, Burgwyn and Morehead. Mr. Busbee was awarded the honor of speaking the valedictory at Commencement. Messrs. Morehead and Burgwyn with the salutatories.

The second distinction was awarded to Messrs. Harper, Pearson and A. Graham.

The third distinction was awarded to Messrs. Fetter, Horner, Means, Strayhorn and Jones.

Messrs. McNiell and Purcell were regarded as mitemen, but not regularly graded. Speeches were awarded them with the other mitemen at Commencement.

The ladies are respectfully invited to be present at our next Commencement, and if they come, we promise them a very pleasant time.

Gov. Seymour, the gallant Connecticut Democrat, will deliver the address before the two Literary Societies, and the eloquent preacher, Rev. Mr. Moran, will pronounce the Commencement sermon.

Long life to the University!

GOVERNOR HOLDEN.—The most disagreeable part of the business is, as the sequel provided, that there is a large number of white citizens either too ignorant to appreciate, or too degraded to regard the stigma cast upon the escutcheon of our State by the election of such a man as Holden to be Governor. It is the first time in the history of the State that her Governor has not been a gentleman in manners, breeding, and association. The very first time that the Governor's mansion did not give tone and character to the hospitalities of the Capital. Can gentlemen now visit the Executive Mansion and run the risk of there meeting with Jim Harris, Galloway, O'Hara and other negroes? No. So the Governor of the State of North Carolina, instead of being the head of her society, as he is of her government, must be left to the association of negroes, yankee carpet-baggers, and a few native scalawags, many of whom never in their lives were in the private parlor of a gentleman.

*Charlotte Times.*

ALLEGED FRAUDS IN THE CASWELL ELECTIONS.—The Danville Times gives the following particulars in regard to the alleged frauds in the election in Caswell. We hope that Gen. Canby will require something else besides *ex parte* statements and affidavits. Both sides should be fully heard, and we hope the Conservatives of Caswell will ask for strict and impartial justice in this matter. The Times says:

The Freedmen's Bureau agent from Graham, N. C., was in Yanceyville last Wednesday, taking the depositions of negroes with regard to alleged frauds in the election. Several gentlemen, feeling a deep interest in the result, went into the court house to see what was done, but they were invited out—every man who had a white skin, except Stevens the candidate on the Radical ticket, who was defeated. He was allowed to remain. The depositions of all the black rogues and rascals who had been disfranchised for crime, were taken to prove that it was not a fair election.

When night came he adjourned from the court house to Stevens' house, and there they carried on their disgraceful work until a late hour of the night.

Were such proceedings ever tolerated before in any civilized government? To what length will our enemies go? God grant that the day may soon come when the Democrats of the North will get the power. It will be a glorious day for us.

DRIED FRUIT.—The business of fruit and berry drying has become quite an important one in the counties above Raleigh.—Forsythe and other counties adjoining have done a large business. E. A. Vogler, Esq., of Salem, that enterprising man, has contributed largely to the enlarging of the blackberry and fruit business. We hope our people will take time by the forelock this year and increase the business largely. Forsythe county alone shipped, we believe last year, about $150,000 worth of dried fruit. Others can do as well. It is just that much added to the wealth of the country, which would otherwise have been lost or worthless. We must learn to recuperate by saving or making a shift. Every shilling must be saved.

LAND SALES.—The Southerner mentions the following land sales in Edgecombe county: 215 acres, belonging to M. P. Edwards, was bid off to J. H. Edwards for $1200. 240 belonging to R. E. MacNair to Judge Howard for $900. 737 belonging to John L. Bridgers to Jesse H. Powell, for $10,700.

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DIED

In this city, yesterday morning, at 3 o'clock, LARKINS F. BUNN, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 5th inst., at the residence of her brother, Oliver Kelley, Miss HANNAH KELLEY, daughter of Oliver L. and Sarah H. Kelley.

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## Wilmington Wholesale Prices Current.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| BEESWAX, lb | 33 @ 35 | LIME, ₱ bbl. | 0 00 @ 0 00 |
| BEEF CATTLE, | | From store | 0 00 @ 1 90 |
| ₱ 100 lbs. | 10 00 @12 00 | MOLASSES, ₱ gallon, | |
| BACKS, | | Cuba, hhds. | 45 @ 47½ |
| ₱ M. | 10 00 @15 00 | do bbls. | 50 @ 52½ |
| BARRELS, Sp'ts T., each. | | Sugar house. | 44½ @ 45 |
| 2nd hand | 2 40 @ 3 00 | do bbls. | 00 @ 47½ |
| New | 3 00 @ 3 75 | Syrup, bbls. | 60 @ 1 00 |
| CANDLES, ₱ lb., | | NAVAL STORES, | |
| Tallow | 18 @ 20 | Turpentine ₱ 280 lbs. | |
| Adamantine | 22 @ 23 | New Virgin | 0 00 @ 4 50 |
| Sperm | 50 @ 55 | Yellow dip | 0 00 @ 3 50 |
| COFFEE, ₱ lb., | | Hard | 0 00 @ 2 25 |
| Java | 38 @ 40 | Tar, ₱ bbl. | 0 00 @ 2 70 |
| Laguayra | 27 @ 28 | Tar, in ord | 0 00 @ 2 90 |
| Rio | 21 @ 25 | Pitch, City | 2 75 @ 3 25 |
| St. Domingo | 28 @ 30 | Rosin, pale | 5 00 @ 8 50 |
| COTTON, ₱ lb., | | do No. 1 | 8 00 @ 4 50 |
| Ord. to Mid'g | 27½ @ 30 | do No. 2 | 0 00 @ 2 45 |
| Strict Mid'g. | @ 30 | do No. 3 | 0 00 @ 2 35 |
| COTTON BAGGING, | | Spirits Turpentine, | |
| Gunny, ₱ yd | 22 @ 24 | ₱ gal | 00 @ 52½ |
| Dundee | 26 @ 28 | NAILS, ₱ lb., | |
| Rope, ₱ lb | 7 @ 12 | Cut | 6 00 @ 6 50 |
| CORN MEAL, | | OILS, ₱ gallon, | |
| ₱ bushel | 1 45 @ 1 50 | Sperm | 0 00 @ 3 00 |
| DOMESTICS, | | Linseed | 1 40 @ 1 50 |
| Sheeting, | | Machinery | 1 75 @ 2 00 |
| ₱ yard | 15 @ 18 | Kerosene | 45 @ 50 |
| Yarn, ₱ 5 lb | 1 90 @ 2 00 | PEA NUTS, | 2 50 @ 2 65 |
| FEATHERS, | | POTATOES, | |
| ₱ lb | 65 @ 75 | Sweet, bush | 0 00 @ 1 50 |
| FISH, ₱ bbl., | | Irish, ₱ bbl | 5 00 @ 5 50 |
| Mackerel, | | PROVISIONS, ₱ lb., | |
| No. 1 | 20 00 @21 00 | N. C. Bacon. | |
| No. 2 | 16 00 @18 00 | Hams | 22 @ 23 |
| No. 3 | 15 00 @16 00 | Middlings | 19 @ 20 |
| Mullets | 8 00 @ 9 00 | Shoulders | 18 @ 19 |
| Herring. | | Hog round | 00 @ 20 |
| East | 0 00 @ 0 00 | Western Bacon. | |
| N.C.roe | 00 00 @ 0 00 | Hams | 20 @ 22½ |
| do cut | 0 00 @ 0 00 | Middlings | 18 @ 19 |
| do grass | 0 00 @ 0 00 | Shoulders | 16 @ 16½ |
| Dry Cod, ₱ lb | 9 @ 10 | Lard, N. C. | 20 @ 21 |
| FLOUR, ₱ bbl., Northern | | do North'n | 16 @ 20 |
| Family | 12 50 @17 00 | Butter, N. C. | 30 @ 35 |
| Superfine | 10 00 @11 00 | do North'n | 50 @ 60 |
| Fine | 9 00 @ 9 50 | Cheese | 15 @ 18 |
| NORTH CAROLINA, | | PORK, Northern, ₱ bbl. | |
| Family | 13 50 @14 00 | City Mess | 32 00 @33 00 |
| Superfine | 12 50 @13 00 | Thin " | 28 00 @29 00 |
| GLUE, ₱ lb | 20 @ 25 | Prime, | 27 00 @28 00 |
| GUNNY BAGS | 30 @ 32 | Rump | 00 00 @00 00 |
| GUANO, Peruvian, | | SALT, | |
| Per ton | 00 00 @ 90 00 | Alum, bush | 0 50 @ 60 |
| GRAIN, ₱ bushel, | | Liverpool, sack, ground. | |
| Corn | 1 25 @ 1 35 | cargo | 0 00 @ 0 00 |
| Oats | 95 @ 1 00 | from store | 2 20 @ 2 25 |
| Peas, Cow | 1 75 @ 2 00 | American | 2 00 @ 2 10 |
| Rice, rough | 2 50 @ 2 75 | SUGAR, ₱ lb., | |
| Carolina | 10½ @ 11½ | Cuba | 15 @ 16 |
| HIDES, ₱ lb., | | Porto Rico | 13 @ 15 |
| Green | 9 @ 9½ | C | 15½ @ 16½ |
| Dry | 12½ @ 15 | B | 16½ @ 17 |
| HAY, ₱ 100 lbs. | | A | 00 @ 17½ |
| Eastern | 1 20 @ 1 30 | Crushed | 00 @ 18½ |
| Northern | 0 80 @ 1 00 | SOAP, ₱ lb., | |
| IRON, ₱ lb., | | Northern, | 7 @ 11 |
| English, ass'd | 8 @ 10 | Wilmington, | |
| American, ref. | 0 @ 10 | Ext. Family | 10½ @ 11 |
| American, sheer | 9 @ 10 | Family | 10 @ 10 |
| Swede | 10 @ 12 | Chemical | 9½ @ 10 |
| Hoop, | | Pale | 7½ @ 8 |
| ₱ ton | 140 00 @145 00 | SHINGLES, ₱ M., | |
| LIQUORS, ₱ gal., (dom.) | | Contract | 4 00 @ 4 50 |
| Whiskey | 1 40 @ 2 25 | Common | 3 00 @ 3 50 |
| Bourbon | 2 00 @ 4 00 | STAVES, ₱ M., | |
| N. E. Rum | 3 00 @ 4 00 | W. O. bbl | 00 00 @00 00 |
| Gin | 4 00 @ 7 00 | R. O. hhd | 00 00 @00 00 |
| Brandy | 4 00 @ 9 00 | TIMBER, ₱ M., | |
| LUMBER, (River, | | Shipping | 11 00 @12 50 |
| Fl'r Bds | 15 00 @17 00 | Mill, prme | 9 00 @ 9 50 |
| Wide do | 10 00 @12 00 | Mill Fair | 8 00 @ 8 50 |
| cantling | 8 00 @10 00 | Mill, inferior to ord | 5 00 @ 6 00 |
| | | TALLOW, lb | 10 @ 11 |

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# REVIEW
OF THE
# WILMINGTON MARKETS
FOR THE
**WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, May 7, 1868.**

TURPENTINE—The market ruled firm and steady during the early part of the week, at prices given in our last. On Tuesday, however, there was some dullness in the market, and prices gave way 10@50 cents, and since then there has been a further decline on soft, closing at $4 50 for virgin, $3 50 for yellow dip, and $2 25 for hard, ₱ bbl. of 280 lbs. The arrivals continue light, and for the week ended to-day the sales comprise only 1,527 bbls., as follows:

| | Bbls. | Virgin. | Yellow dip. | Hard |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Friday | 126 | $5 25 | $4 25 | $2 35 |
| Saturday | 435 | 5 25 | 4 25 | 2 35 |
| Monday | 575 | 5 25 | 4 25 | 2 35 |
| Tuesday | 355 | 4 75 | 3 75 | 2 25 |
| Wednesday | 155 | 4 50 | 3 50 | 2 25 |
| Thursday | 81 | 4 50 | 3 50 | 2 25 |

SPIRITS TURPENTINE.—The market for this article has ruled very unsettled since the close of our last review, under the unfavorable advices from the Northern markets, and prices steadily declined each day up to Wednesday—closing 13½ @14 cents lower than quotations given in our last. This (Thursday) morning no sales have taken place up to the time of closing our enquiries.—There is more firmness in the market, and factors are generally asking 55 cents, but this figure is above the views of

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

WILMINGTON, N. C.,

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.

### New Hanover County.

In summing up the causes of the recent defeat of the Conservatives in the late election in this State, the Raleigh *Sentinel* says :

"Upon careful investigation of the numerous particulars, *pro* and *con*, it will strike our readers at once, that if the same organization and careful pains taking had been general, which were exhibited by the Conservatives of Mecklenburg, Craven, New Hanover, Duplin, Nash, Sampson, and others, the most sanguine expectations of the Conservatives would have been realized."

So far as reference is made to our county, we well merit the encomiums of our Raleigh cotemporary. It will be seen that the Conservative vote polled is quite as large as the registered white. The Radical majority against us is no fair criterion, as the voting by certificate, intended to cover fraud, was largely resorted to in this city ; and though the registration books will show that many more negroes than whites failed to vote, and the whites who voted against us are known and counted and number but a trifle more than the colored Conservative vote, yet their majority is upward of one hundred in excess of their registered strength. We have the names of many negroes under age who voted, and even those of dead ones, who voted by proxy.

Outside of Wilmington less than twenty-five white men voted the Radical ticket, and even in the city, of those who resided here prior to the war, scarcely so many deserted their friends. We have much to be proud of in New Hanover, and the county will do as well again. Our people are thrown in too close relations with Radicalism and Radical leaders to be deceived into their meshes. Their public men are as offensive as their principles. Neither will ever commend themselves to an honorable people.

### Gen. Sherman and Impeachment.

As impeachment grows older and draws nearer to an end, it seems to be more and more unpopular; and while party venom and party necessity appear to require a conviction and removal of President JOHNSON, the managers are beginning to fear the consequences of their own temerity.—The eloquent and thorough exposition given by the President's counsel, especially the efforts of Messrs. GROESBECK and EVARTS, of the flimsy foundations upon which impeachment rests, has already made the whole proceedings ridiculous in the eyes of all who are not blinded by partisan prejudices and biased by party considerations.

In another column we quote from the Washington correspondence of the Cincinnati *Commercial* (Radical), what influence the prospect of an illegal conviction of the President has had upon General SHERMAN. This statement is also confirmed by a correspondent of the Chicago *Times*. And the determination of this officer, who has more popularity and influence throughout the Northwestern States than any other man, may well alarm the Radicals, for the people of the South know full well that when General SHERMAN determines to accomplish an object, he consults not the means by which it is to be done, but does it thoroughly and not very gently. There may well be fluttering in their ranks on this account.

Before the diabolical impeachment conspiracy has been brought to an end it begins to be ascertained that a more unpopular move was never made upon the theatre of American politics. The good sense of the country is not yet so dead that an outrage such as the contemplated usurpation by Senator WADE of the Presidential office, will not awaken it from one extremity to the other. And the leaders of the dominant party now find that a measure intended to save the failing fortunes of Radicalism will prove the fruitful source of its final destruction. If they falter, much less fail to convict, they commit political suicide; if they bring the disgraceful drama to a successful end, they so outrage truth, oath, justice, duty, that their very crimes will rise up and curse them.

Should President JOHNSON be convicted for "high crimes and misdemeanors," when his only offence has been to vindicate and maintain the Constitution of the United States, these leaders will find the open denunciations by General SHERMAN, as damning as they will be, among the least of the dangers they must encounter—a violated Constitution will exact exoneration—an outraged country will demand a public vindication of its tarnished honor. At the bar of offended public opinion will the actors in this base conspiracy be made to pay the fearful penalty of their crimes.

### Southern Reconstruction.

Not only is there no pledge upon the part of Congress to admit the Southern States, not even if they do adopt the new Constitutions, but it cannot be done under the express provisions of the Reconstruction Acts until the Fourteenth Article (the Howard Amendment) becomes a part of the fundamental law of the land. In order to make the requisite number of States five more must adopt the Amendment, and if the repeal of it by the Legislatures of Ohio and New Jersey be regarded as valid, seven of the Southern States are necessary. In five of them have elections been held. Alabama has rejected her Constitution, and another election is necessary to force her into the degrading terms. Georgia will have a Democratic Legislature, and in Louisiana the chances are in favor of a similar majority in her General Assembly. So that, thus far, but two States, North Carolina and Arkansas, are sure to adopt the required amendment. No State can be admitted until the Legislatures of five, probably seven, shall have acted favorably upon this Article.

So it seems that Southern Reconstruction has not progressed beyond its troubles and perplexities yet. In fact we see not much real progress beyond filling up offices, present and prospective, with orthodox Radicals; but we should not be surprised if Southern, so-called Senators and Representatives, had to stand about the lobbies of the Capitol for some time, with hats in hand, dancing attendance upon Senators and Congressmen, cursing the slow progress of Reconstruction, and yearning with patriotic devotion for a pull at the Public Treasury.

We suppose this vexed question will be settled after awhile, but how ridiculous is the charge of Manager BOUTWELL that its progress has been impeded by President JOHNSON.

### The Iron-Clad Oath.

Many persons having expressed a desire to obtain a copy of the "Test Oath," the taking of which is indispensable to holding office under the present military governments of the Southern States, or under the United States, we republish it. How many men have perjured themselves in the South for a few hundred dollars a year? and how many more will do so? We do not have to go to minor positions to see such men. The United States Attorney for North Carolina, and now, by the grace of negroes and yankees, a Judge, took this oath, although, as a member of the Secession Convention, he voted men and money to "aid the rebellion." "To what base ends have we come."

The oath reads as follows :

"I, ——, of ——, county of ——, and State of ——, do solemnly swear or affirm, that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I have voluntarily given no aid, countenance, counsel or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility thereto; *that I have neither sought nor accepted, nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever, under any authority or pretended authority, in hostility to the United States;* that I have not yielded a voluntary support to any pretended government, authority, power, or constitution, within the United States, hostile or inimical thereto. And I do further swear, or affirm, that to the best of my knowledge and ability I will support and defend the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true allegiance to the same ; that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God."

### Hon. William H. Battle.

Amid the general disappointment we feel at the success of the odious Constitution, the defeat of no man in the State will cause more regret among those who admire uprightness, capacity and sterling integrity in a Judge, than that of His Honor, Judge Battle, of the Supreme Court. Long an Associate Justice of the present Court, our people had learned to look to him as a wise counselor, an able jurist and a man of unblemished reputation. He has the proud satisfaction of knowing that the intelligence and worth of the State cast their votes for him, and that no suspicion of objection to him, personally or professionally, *could* have influenced a vote against him.

Raleigh *Sentinel*.

We add our testimony to that of our cotemporary in regard to the defeat of Judge BATTLE. Coming as it does with the overthrow of all that is dear and respectable in the State, his defeat is an honor to his integrity and candor. His public services have not been continued at the expense of his personal reputation. He will be honored and rewarded long after others whose temporary success will but add to their future ignominy. The fact that his position in the great struggle was not such as to win favor with the disreputable men who have controlled the late elections will endear him to the people of the State, and when North Carolina shall be redeemed from her present humiliation, then such noble and honorable sons as Judge BATTLE will reap their just reward.

### New Hanover Agricultural Society.

At the request of the Executive Committee, with which we most cheerfully comply, we publish this morning the interesting and able address upon the DIGNITY OF LABOR, delivered before the New Hanover Agricultural Society at the recent meeting at Black River Chapel, by the Rev. S. C. ALEXANDER. It will well repay a careful perusal.

We are requested to give notice that the next meeting of the Society will take place at Leesburg on the 15th and 16th of May. Several addresses are expected from prominent agriculturalists.

### Movement to Call the Democratic National Convention Early in June.

WASHINGTON, April 28, 1868.

The Congressional Democratic Executive Committee have unanimously passed resolutions requesting the Democratic National Committee to reconsider their previous action and issue a call for the Presidential Nominating Convention to meet in New York early in June, instead of on the 4th of July, as now arranged for. It is probable that a Congressional caucus of all the democratic members will shortly be called for the purpose of making the same request. The feeling appears to be unanimous that the day of meeting now fixed is too distant, and that the political necessities and welfare of the party require an earlier period for the declaration of principles and nomination of candidates.

Old King Louis left a mystery in the shape of eight coffers which are to remain unopened, one until 1893 and the rest until 1918.

Prussia is lightening the taxes on necessary articles, and increasing it on tobacco and spirits, which it deems luxuries.

The enthusiasm for base ball is said to be on the decline in New England.

From Southern Society.

## FLORA MACDONALD,

### The Tory Heroine of the Cape Fear.

BY MONONIA.

IN TWO PARTS.—I.

And I marvel, sir,
At those who do not feel the majesty—
By heaven! I'd almost said the holiness—
That circles round the fair and virtuous woman.

To trace the times, and the passions which controlled the minds of men ; to connect the whole as one thread, and weave it into a simple web, will be our present aim. We shall run over much historic ground, tear down many historic barriers and many old landmarks.

Election is an act
Of will, not voice ;—

and we therefore single out this field.

The eighteenth century has long since passed away, but it has left behind, in its history, pages of romance, full of daring and noble exploits. Here fancy can roam and dream of lovely visions, and conjure up thoughts of never-ending bliss. Here fame can wander and sound her horn over the conqueror's tomb, and tell of his past glory and greatness. Or, she may sit down by the grave of *honest deeds*, and tell the passer by how much worth is buried there. Here glory can find a crown and find a name, and none brighter, more fair or more famed than Flora Macdonald :

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
To my fond fancy, *Flora*, seem to borrow
Celestial halos from thy gentle name.

In it nations were crushed, nations were born, and nations were remodeled. From the creation of the kingdom of Prussia in 1701, down to the storming of Seringapatam in 1799, lies before the student of history a vast accumulation of interesting matter. The Mississippi bubble excited the French as much as did the South sea bubble the English in a subsequent year. Poor Poland was broken into fragments, and the exiled Irish lost their own down-trodden land, but saved France on the bloody field of Fontenoy. The United States struggled through seven weary years for freedom, and won it after a glorious contest. Amidst the many revolutions and counter-revolutions which distracted the French people, arose the greatest warrior of modern times. This century then can claim many brilliant things. However, it is not our province to say why empires fell and republics rose, nor to strictly adhere to the causes that troubled the civil and political polity of the era, but it is ours to blend the *utile* with the *dulce*, history with romance. Now, to do this, what analogous theme, fictitious or real, could be possibly selected more truly worthy the pen of any writer in prose or in poetry than the one here proposed? She belongs to Columbia as well as to Great Britain, and to the House of Hanover as well as to the House of Stuart. The latter she loved with woman's love, while to the former she became attached from a strange current of human events, based upon the stranger tide of human ideas, and so to say, human instincts. She figured on this continent and in Europe, but in each hemisphere she was the advocate of tory principles. Her heroism was not less conspicuous in the one than it was in the other. Her life from infancy to maturity was obscure, but from womanhood to the grave an almost unceasing storm, full of adventure and notoriety. In Scotland she was the brightest object among a stern host of "lairds." Her devotion to "dear Charlie" has immortalized her name, and in the fullness of her heart she might have truly exclaimed : "I will not wholly die." In America she arrayed herself in common with her countrymen against the cause of freedom, forgetting that it was not for the cause of Prince Charles Edward, but for that of his enemy, the Elector of Hanover. With all a woman's charms and her enthusiasm, she unfurled on high his battle-flag and fought for his supremacy.

We have anticipated this much, and yet a notice *en passant* of Toryism and Whigism, will not, we hope, be considered trifling. The clans of Scotland, and especially those of the Highlands, submitted reluctantly to the act of settlement of King William, and in silence deeply lamented the adverse fate which drove into exile the old royal line. The restraint imposed upon them by the heartless conqueror daily increased the gloom which hung over them. Consequently, after the treacherous and cruel massacre at Glen-Coe, those who could do so with facility, abandoned their *sacred crags and peaks* and sought the distant transatlantic wilds. They not only turned their barks to the shores of the St. Lawrence, but they took a more Southern track, steered for a more genial, more torrid clime, and found a settlement at Cross creek, in the upper region of the river Cape Fear. Here we will leave them to pursue the art of husbandry, and gain for themselves, their children, and their children's children, the sweets of honest toil, the fruits of patient labor and industry. They forgot not the ties of kindred that still bound them to the parent country, and they watched, not without some feeling of hope, the quaggy foundation on which they considered the House of Brunswick to stand.

Year followed year down the fleet flowing stream of time, and no change came, no reformation. It was looked for by anxious eyes at home, and by anxious hearts was it everywhere desired. London was then, as it is now, rotten at the core. Cruelty, dishonesty, avarice, and prodigality, were at a par. Bribery extended an itching palm. Mammon was its deity, and on his greedy altar was sacrificed a pure, trembling, bleeding victim—liberty. Fire and sword laid waste and decimated Scotland in the attempt to foist on that unflinching people the tatterdemalions of the Episcopacy, while vanquished Erin found not a *pitying hand, a generous foe.* Old castles and manors were pillaged ; shrines and churches were crumbled to dust ; their riches—golden and silver ornaments, were taken to decorate those of the established religion. England was all powerful ; her canvass whitened every sea ; the sun never set on her ensign, and it was therefore, in her philosophy, but just and proper so to do! Her sword and her sixpenny theology were opposed to everything not Saxon—it was therefore the highest wisdom to scatter destruction broadcast! Brave people were most cruelly butchered or impoverished, and chained down in the vilest slavery. All this, forsooth, too, to bring joy and gladness, and wealth and dominion, to the few in the great metropolis. Was the spirit of liberty broken? No. Like embers on the hearth it shot forth scintillations of vitality. It was merely dormant, waiting the opportunity to burst out anew into a conflagration more sweeping than ever. This despotism was galling, and to none more than to the brave, brotherly Highlanders. They hated the new sovereignty. They blushed with shame at their humiliating condition. Daily in intensity grew the feeling, until finally words gave expression to the thought : "The emasculating, contaminating touch must be removed and spurned." Had that auspicious moment arrived? Were the pibroch heard on the heather? Were the clans of the Macdonalds, the Campbells, the Maclellans, the Macraes in battle formed? A natural event timely happened to postpone this threatened outbreak. *William the Third was no more.*

Before the accession of Anne, and while yet a princess, a lady in wait gained her love and confidence. This was the notorious Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. She was avaricious, ambitious, very vain. Understanding that her mistress would wield the sceptre, she made use of every device to ingratiate herself into the good graces of the future Queen. Like the witch in "Macbeth," she stirred round and round the boiling cauldron in which her glowing fancy had placed all opposers of the Whig party.

It was midnight, and a pale cold moon lit up the spires of London. The Tower stood gloomily against the sky, a terror to a crouching race. In it Marlborough had been immured by William. The streets were deserted, and on the great bridge quietude reigned supreme. No footsteps pattered on the side-walks ; no hilarity proceeded from the ale-house ; no jocularity rang its merry peal in the club-rooms—the coffee-houses, the *Scriblerus' clubs*—of England's *golden age.* All was solemnly still. The palace was disrobed of its pageantry, hollow pomp. No livery-man was visible. No dragoon, spurred and belted, trotted along the avenues ; nor did the sheen of a helmeted sentinel appear anywhere. In one of the kingly halls lay the King. Not a whisper of the air was audible. The uniformed parasites of that great man had all vanished. None stood there to do him honor. What cared they, he was no longer of this world. His victories in behalf of the Prelacy were forgotten ; anyhow, were not sufficiently resplendent to bring a sole mourner to his bier. There he lay, powerless, in the cold embrace of all-powerful death. He was the bitterest enemy of Louis the Fourteenth. He is now nobody's enemy, unless before the judgment-seat his own. A side door is cautiously opened, a deeply veiled head is slowly intruded ; two eyes glisten and stare to the right, to the left, to the bier. Noiselessly the door turns. Tiptoe approaches the enveloped form ; a delicate hand steals out from the folds of a black domino ; diamonds flash, the figure starts. The embroidered gauze covering the pallid face is with much trembling turned down, and the dead is gazed upon by the living. "Thank God for this," muttered the Duchess. "You are dead! dead! dead! You cannot now terrify me. Your eyes are cold. Where now is their fire? Who now will obey your behests? Who now will cower before you? I can deem every obstacle in my path as a mere trifle, easily overcome. I will gain wealth, and friends, and distinction, and power. My ambition will be satisfied." With these words she covered the inanimate visage, and more like a spright than a human being, glided from the chamber. Soon, and all England was convulsed with joy. The Princess Anne ascended the throne, and became the *good Queen Anne.* The Tories participated, perhaps from policy ; the Whigs, from evident success. From Chevoit Hills to Land's End, if not from Dunnet Head to Port Patrick, the name of Anne was glorified, and her enthronement was proclaimed amid the booming of cannon, and the acclamations of millions. She was the daughter of James the Catholic, but she was not a Catholic. She was of the House of Stuart, *that* pleased the Tories ; she was a Protestant, *that* pleased the Whigs. Beneath all this seeming acquiescence ran something deeper still. That same unanimity of feeling was not so enthusiastically displayed in Scotland. How could the Tories *there* love the Whigs? The ghosts of their murdered fathers would arise from their bloody graves and cry out, "For shame! for shame!" However, the *fact* that Anne was a Stuart tended to keep in subjection their aroused nature. They saw one gleam of hope—the ejectment of the opposing faction from every office in the kingdom. The *fact* of her opposition to the union of the crowns of France and Spain secured in some degree the friendship of the Whigs. The Tories labored sedulously to supplant them, to prejudice the Queen, and, if possible, convert her. Between these two rival parties her amiable disposition became very often ruffled, and, as the spectator has written, her chaste presence exercised no influence "to correct the vices, the follies, the ignorance which too generally prevailed at the commencement of the eighteenth century ;" and to *promote* "virtue and knowledge, and *recommend* whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society." They knew well, and they felt it, that : "Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts," but they did not profit by any example to curb them, and learn from the follies of the past that wisdom which, when gained, is ever the ripest and brightest.

The Queen was at heart in favor of the *Tory views*, and to them she lent an eager ear. Her favorite project was to perpetuate the succession of her house. To attempt this she must place authority in the hands of her friends, and her friends were unquestionably the Tories. Her charming favorite was not ignorant of the change. She portrayed in vivid colors the falsity, or rather fickleness, of the Scotch, who, she naively hinted, merely sought a pretext to have her dethroned. She depicted in a vehement style the dark designs of Harley and Bolingbroke ; thought Sir Robert Walpole a knave, and that she ought to detach herself from "the principles of the Tories." She eulogized the actions of Godolphin and his confederates. The Duke of Marlborough needed not her poor language to define his position. His deeds had made England great and glorious at home and abroad, and he was always ready to defend his sovereign. "Toward the close of her life, the injudicious prosecution of Sacheverell by Lord Godolphin afforded her (the Queen) an opportunity of emancipating herself from their control, of which she readily availed herself ; and in 1710 the Whigs were dismissed, and Harley, afterward Earl of Oxford, was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord High Treasurer." The Duchess saw very plainly that her power was gone. The Queen owed much, perhaps, to her husband, the *handsome Englishman*, but more to her own family—the exiled Stuarts. The artful Duchess retired from the royal presence, saying : "Sweet dreams, my Queen." Anne, tortured mentally and bodily, courted sleep, and endeavored to banish the many harassing thoughts that troubled the repose of her mind. Sleep came not. The tired boor snored loudly in his miserable hovel, forgetful alike of his poverty and the morrow's labor. But here the descendant of a house that sat on a throne for *four hundred years*, rolled restlessly about on her eider bed, craving a similar pittance of "tired nature's sweet restorer." Her mind wandered. She has made of England and Scotland a *Great Britain*,—the greatest act of her life. She has fixed a price on the head of her own father,—the most unnatural deed of her life. Is it to be wondered then that she could find no rest? Sleep came, but not with it those *sweet dreams.* Her children, rose-buds stricken from the stem of life, passed before her, away into the silent gloomy womb of the grave,—a punishment for that great sin. She saw them in vision. What a vision! She saw their grandfather hunted down, decried by the very people about her, *her friends!* The Duchess told her husband all. Her suspicions were just. The overthrow of the Whigs was inevitable, come when come it may. The Duke spoke : "The Queen may attempt the destruction of the Whigs, and may make the effort to have the profligate son of James the Second succeed her, but, mark me! such a thing will never happen. The adherents of George are *the nation.* She may drive them from office, from court, but as sure as I am Marlborough so sure will they in *their turn* rise in their might, and plant firmer and deeper into the national soil the standard of our common constitution. The people will meet the issue openly and fairly, and in their indignation hurl those miscreants into that unfathomable pit which they have been now so long digging. The will of the people must be respected, and it will be respected, or I know not how to use this," drawing his sword.

The climax of party spirit was nigh, and in the vortex of human passion seemed to engulf everything, few felt inclined to debate the question of English rule, or by whom it was ruled. One thing is certain, that the British law is for Britons good, but for dependent people bad. It is not a paradox, but a general truth ; not an assertion, but a fixed fact ; not said in prejudice, but declared in all candor ; does not flow from hatred of English institutions and the English people, but from admiration of their home legislature, and their national system of protection.

While these were keeping England in a fever, other things, which increased that state a great deal, were transpiring across the channel. James the Third, so-called, having assumed the name of the Chevalier de St. George, but commonly known in history as the Pretender, was beseeching Louis XIV., King of France, and Clement XI., Pope of Rome, to assist in placing him on the throne of his ancestors. Though Louis was disposed to aid him, that monarch must have foreseen that every effort would be futile. If the Pope felt interested in him, he also must in his infallible judgment have predicted the same. The Chevalier charged twelve times with the French cavalry, and acquired military prestige, though defeated, on the hard-fought field of Malplaquet. The news from London was encouraging. The Tories were already triumphant. The Duchess was openly disowned by the Queen, and the charms which she had so potently used could now produce no effect. The spell was broken—and forever. The great Duke felt this, and his big heart throbbed with emotions of chagrin. The Whigs were dismayed. The Scotch and Irish were wild with enthusiasm. Bonfires sent up their lurid flames from the peaks of Wicklow and the Giant's Causeway, in answer to those of Ben Nevis and Cairngorm mountains. All England apparently responded. Had the popular voice at last spoken? Had the iniquity of the *radicals* of those days been exposed? *Ab uno coterie disce omnes!* It was the new year, 1713. The snows of January lay frozen on the hills and plains. Millions of frosty stars studded the firmament. The country round was bleak, and the winds found not a tree to obstruct their sweeping, headlong fury, as they drove before them over the glassy, sparkling snow-covered ground pellets of icicles which sounded not cheerily to the ears of a lone traveler. "Will it never be reached?" escaped his ice-bound mouth, for a thick, heavy beard fell stiffly to his breast, and pulling higher up on his shoulders a pack of which he seemed to take considerable care, he again reiterated : "Will it never be reached?" Continuing, he mumbled as he went : "This night will kill me, and what will be my gain if it does not? A halter—." He was interrupted in this dark view of things by a pretty hard slap on the back. "Hallo! sir, are you wake yet? Where is that halter, that gibbet you were talking about? I don't see any ; but on every side I see the brightest hope."

"Macdonald! That you!"

"My veritable self. This is a cold place to tarry. Let us push on to the house. They are there awaiting us."

"How are the clans?"

"They are all right, and they listen for the bugle note calling them to battle."

They shortly reached the cottage. A dozen of men jumped up and bade them welcome. The pack was opened. Papers were read. James the Third was maturing an invasion of England. His sister, the Queen, was not expected to live very long. Now was the time, or never. So thought the Earl of Mar and Lord Derwentwater, and in their honest pride, for the good old cause, they clapped their hands gleefully, as did likewise their followers, and made that little valley in the highlands ring round with unwonted noise of joy. They separated to secretly work up the rebellion.

The Whigs were no longer in power. The sword of Marlborough was powerless. The tricks of low politicians are often keener than the soldier's blade. But the treaty of Utrecht was made. It seemed for a moment to paralyze the friends of James. The death of the Queen and of Louis the Fourteenth was for him a sad blow. His plans were made known. He had to withhold further action. The House of Brunswick ascended the throne in the person of George the First. There was no political disturbance, and the Whigs, as a matter of course, "came back to office like wasps to a hive, and revelled in its honey with little interruption for nearly half a century." Marlborough was recalled. But that great man's sand of life was almost run. He died a few years afterward, and his noble Duchess paid his biographer five hundred pounds, while to her own she gave as *many thousands.*

### PART SECOND.

The Scottish chiefs were not terror-stricken. They were preparing for the contest. The struggle of 1715 at length arrived, in which the valour of Scotchmen added a fresher tint to their laurels. It is true they were defeated, and that at Sheriff-Muir and Preston they fought in vain. Many lost their lives ; many their estates. This attempt of Mar and Derwentwater was thought rash. But their adherents thought otherwise. They were routed, put to the sword, but not conquered. The same spirit burned within them, obscured, but not extinguished. They looked upon their cause as gone, but not forever. It would return again, and have the same "swords of former times" to defend it, and, if possible, win for it a glorious and final victory. They maintained a sullen silence. The House of Stuart was down. They hoped that it would ultimately be the cherished one as of old. Seven years after this mad effort of the Chevalier de St. George a son was born to him at Rome.—He was baptized Charles Edward, also known in history as the Pretender. His mother was Clementine, the lovely daughter of Prince Sobiesky, and grand-daughter of the celebrated King John of Poland. A little anterior to his nativity was born in the isle of South Uist, one of the Hebrides, a female child that was destined to be in time linked with his name and known to all ages. The one was raised in splendour, in luxary; the other, in the mountain pass, amid crags, and in frugality, and rough, substantial fare. The one was brought up at court, among courtiers, princes and magnates of France and Italy ; the other, in a Highland castle, surrounded by a sturdy race of freemen. Charles Edward grew up with his eye on the English crown ; Flora McDonald, with her affection and zeal in favour of his family. She was true, good and loyal ; he brave, unflinching, and unfortunate. Flora sighed for the restoration of his house. He fought for it, but lost.

Such was the battle in the politics of Great Britain. The Tories on one side, the Whigs on the other. The Tories for the Stuarts, the Whigs for the electors of Hanover. The Tories on the losing side, the Whigs on the winning. The Whigs were basking in kingly sunshine, and laughed at the puny efforts of the exiled disowned.—They thought themselves secure; that Preston was the last field of blood. Human thoughts! What are they?

Charles Edward was adolescent ; was a man, and at the age of twenty-two, with a very fair prospect of success, embarked in the enterprise of recovering from German aggression the land of his fathers. He was promised the support of Rome. He traveled to France in the disguise of a Spanish courtier, and succeeded in bringing Louis XV. to his views. So far fortune favoured him. But as he was about to set sail from Dunkirk to England, with an army of fifteen thousand, the British Admiral—Norris—attacks and scatters the whole French fleet. Here fortune seemed to desert him. Nothing undaunted, and relying on his own resources, he sets out with a few followers, and lands on the western coast of Scotland. The clans and their chiefs flock around him, and raise the standard of revolt. The indignation of the Whigs was indescribable; the joy of the Tories beyond bounds. The English were sent from Edinburg to meet and rout his forces, and dead or alive capture the bold Pretender. Instead of accomplishing all this they were badly beaten, and Perth fell, whence went forth the proclamation that Charles Edward Stuart was regent. Success rapidly followed the rapid marches of Charles, and his banner was very soon seen waving over the Scotch capitol. At Preston Pans, where his father had suffered defeat, he completely puts to flight the British army, and proclaims his father King. The English Government was amazed, and began to think itself near destruction. The tents of the Pretender were pitched within a hundred miles of London. The government in haste had the troops in Germany called home. But, fickle fortune! the career of the Prince was nearly run. At Falkirk he obtained his last victory. The fatal field of Culloden was entered. The English Duke of Cumberland gained the day. The remnants of the Scottish clans fled to their homes, and Charles found himself without an army, without money, but with a price of thirty thousand pounds fixed upon his head. In that land was not found an informer, no deed base to betray the brave young Prince. His friends were many, and among them stands preeminently first, Flora McDonald. Her heart was ever in the midst of battle and carnage. Her spirit was lent to many a brave young Highlander, to raise on high the claymore, and strike, and cleave in two the haughty foeman. She was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, who was of the Macdonalds of Claranald. In early childhood she lost her father, and on the marriage of her mother with a Macdonald of Armadale in Skye, who was a "Government man," she became connected with the political parties of the times, Whigs and Tories. After the battle of Culloden, she left Skye purposely to visit her step-brother in South Uist. It was on this journey that she met, and made the acquaintance of Captain O'Neil, the only companion of the Prince, then wandering from island to island, and often in caves, eluding the vigilance of his enemies. The Captain recounted to her the hardships which "Charlie" was undergoing, and implored her assistance in procuring his escape in safety to the continent. She was a poor weak woman, but she had a stout and sensitive heart. "The sympathy of the heart is the great human instrument of doing good," and Flora in this sympathy was rich. At the proposition to disguise him as a woman, her womanly ingenuity found a ready solution. "Bettie Burke" was her waiting maid. The Prince is therefore vested with the garments of Bettie, and in this *romantic* attire they start from Benbecula, a little island at the north of South Uist, cross the Little Minch, and reach Skye in safety. If the reader trouble himself to look at the map of Scotland he will easily see the difficulty of escape, and the many chances open to the capture of the fugitive Stuart. The beautiful Flora was mistress of the situation, and she understood well the condition of things. She knew where the English had placed their spies; how to avoid the English pickets and patrols. The day to bid farewell arrived. The Prince waved his adieux, and hoped, but hoped in vain, to meet again his dear deliverer. He escaped the vengeance of the English government ; not so Flora.—This delicate female was to undergo imprisonment for that which should have commanded the respect of every nation under the sun. But England knew no such magnanimity. She has never been brought up in that school. Hers is to crush, and not to elevate. Hers it is to grind, and not to garner the affections of the human heart, where those affections spring from patriotic motives foreign to her institutions. This is nothing. It is the history of England, and England's Puritanism. During the late war it was much felt on this continent ; and it is still remembered in many a cheerless home. Flora was arrested and confined in a cold, damp, unhealthy prison ship. Here she had to be for five long weary months, at the end of which time she was removed to London, where, in English parlance, she *suffered* a mild imprisonment for one year. Her release was a signal of triumph, and the Tory nobility of the city turned out *en masse* to do her honor. Lady Primrose waited on her and introduced her at court, where she was warmly welcomed, and received rather as a Queen than an inmate from a neighboring goal. She was glad to leave the impure atmosphere of London, and breathe again the pure air of her mountain home. She entered that city as a prisoner. She left it amid the enthusiastic cheers of *long live the heroine of the Scotch rebellion!* Flora selected that great and good soldier, General Malcomb, to attend her. In his pride he exclaimed that he had come "to London to be hanged, but rode back in a chaise-and-four with Flora Macdonald." Her "dear Charlie" was already beyond the reach of danger.—At Lochnanach he met a French frigate, which conveyed him in safety to France. A few months before and the crown of England was in his grasp, and the continent blazed with an universal *feu d'joie* at his signal successes. Not now. He met friends, but they were few. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle deprived him of every chance of ever ascending the throne of his ancestors. That very extraordinary woman, Madam de Pompadour, interested herself in his behalf, and had conferred upon him for life a pension of two hundred thousand livres. Spain was not forgetful of the grandson of James the Catholic. She settled upon him a handsome annuity. The House of Brunswick was uneasy so long as a member of the fallen family was living, and the beloved *King* of a fallen party was near to the British Isle. He must be driven from France. Louis the Fourteenth is not seated on its throne, but his degenerate offspring. Louis the Fifteenth, who acquiesces in every whim of the Hanoverian dynasty. When this was told the Prince his anger found no bounds. He was driven to the frontiers, whence he journeyed to Rome, where he expected sympathy, protection, and a home. At Florence he became very troublesome to his friends. He assumed every empty title. This, instead of enhancing his honor, rather augmented the ridicule in which he was begun to be held. He was fifty-two years of age when he married, and after this noticeable event his existence was for sixteen years a blemish to his house, to himself and to his cause. He died a drunkard, and was buried at Frascati. Thus ingloriously terminated a career that had in its morning of life begun so auspiciously, and with so much glory. Thus passed away from the historic stage of the eighteenth century a character rendered notorious for whatsoever of glory and shame there is found in a name. His connection with Flora rendered that lady famous.—The Tories were now completely subdued. The new order of things in Great Britain began to run more evenly, and more in accordance with the national will.

Flora was far advanced in life when she gave her hand to Macdonald of Kingsburg, and in her Highland home she was living in quietude, undisturbed by further annoyance from the enemies of her countrymen. The latter, however, could not brook the despotic rule of their conquerors.—They looked for encouragement from their people in America, and received it, especially from their kinsmen settled at Cross Creek, in North Carolina. The fearful exodus began. The glens were becoming deserted, and echoed back no more the wild, enchanting music of the bagpipe.—Samuel Johnson, the great letter writer, but after all full of the prejudice of the times towards the Scotch, says, in "A Journey to the Western Isles," etc., that "We landed at Port Re, so-called, because James the Fifth, of Scotland, who had curiosity to visit the island, came into it.—The port is made by an inlet of the sea, deep and narrow, where a ship lay to *dispeople Skye*, by carrying the natives away to America." In another paragraph he writes : "We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr. Macdonald, and his lady, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." We hope even this will suffice to enlighten those whom we have heard mention her as a woman rude, masculine, and fitted alike for the camp and clang of armed men. This visit of Mr. Johnson to the Highlands happened in 1773, and the most prominent feature of it was that lady Flora had arranged for him the same bed in which almost twenty-seven years before had slept her idol *Charlie.*

*Væ Victis* was the sole cry of the English towards the Scottish clans. Prelacy and Presbytery—Tory and Whig—had fought the grand fight. The Highlanders fretted. They felt loth to use the bit which their persecutors would have insisted in putting in their mouths. "The law," to quote again from the above authority, "which followed the victory of Culloden, found the nation dejected and intimidated. Their pride has been crushed by the heavy hand of a *vindictive conqueror*, whose severities have been followed by laws, which, though they cannot be called cruel, have produced much discontent, because they operate upon the surface of life, and make every eye bear witness to subjection. To be compelled to wear a new dress has always been found painful." Flora and her husband felt this indeed keenly. One day "a ship lay waiting to dispeople Skye." With tearful eyes a lady and gentleman turned and sighed their adieux to their native shore. The vessel swept peacefully over the smooth heaving bosom of the deep. It carried heavy hearts and sad souls ; none heavier, none sadder than that of Kingsbury Macdonald, and of his thoughtful, grieving wife, Flora. Over the water blue was fading her native shore. The night winds sighed, and sighed her heart. She was following the setting sun to his home in the West. Yet she was perhaps glad to leave her native land, whose liberty lay crushed and bleeding. The year before the Declaration of Independence she arrived at Cross creek (so-called from two creeks crossing each other with such a velecity that the water of one, though differing in colour, does not commingle with the other), and the present seat of Fayetteville. Here she found the descendants of those who had emigrated after the bloody massacre of Gen. Coe. She was received by them with open arms ; was the star to which they pointed with pride ; was their *lady*, and they loved her as "a pure and sacred thing." She shone before them in

Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love,

Her presence reminded the old of their Highland glens and caves and crags, and the young to cherish the memory of the land of their fathers. Her own loved clan, the "Bell Heath," was well represented. It looked up to her as did the royal personages of the Court of Charles the Seventh look up to Joan of Arc and hoped the day was nigh when they could attest their devotion for her on the ensanguined field of battle. That moment was at hand. The storm was brewing, but not such as the Highlanders anticipated. Little can human reason ken the secret workings of the Great Ruler of events. The same system that deprived the Scottish chieftains of every right at home, was about to be inaugurated on this continent, and by the very same despots. The Scotch had already felt the strong arm of power. The iron grasp was hardly yet from their throats. Rebellion begets a direful phase of society. They had seen it, had felt it, and understood its meaning. In Scotland they had lost everything. Were they to lose everything here? They had measured strength with the foe on their native plains, but found it insufficient. Here they were few. They had everything to risk, nothing to gain. They did not understand the nature of the great question that was convulsing the country. They were separate, and lived secluded to themselves. What could they do here in the wild woods of America? Did they fear the loss of their newly acquired property? Did they fear to attempt another rebellion? They were Tories still, and the avowed enemies of the Whigs. The Whigs changed, but they did not change. The Whigs arose in opposition to English misrule. The Tories had fought at home against the government, had lost and had submitted. They were now called upon either to fight for freedom in conjunction with the Whigs, or side with the royal minions in favor of restriction of liberty. They hated the Whigs. They hated the House of Hanover. No time was left for debate. The rupture took place. The gory locks of the revolution sprinkled the land. The Tories could not understand the nature of the declaration of the Mecklenburg convention. They could not see that "In North Carolina, for at least ten years before the meeting of the Continental Congress, the great struggle had been directed against the oppression of the provincial government.—The tyrannical legislation of Parliament had never been felt, and an annual protest against the right to tax was the only attitude of hostility ever assumed by the assembly against the crown of England." The contest began. The bloody battle of Moore's Creek was fought, and here Flora, forgetting it was not for the Prince, cheered the Scotch on to victory or the grave. Many fell into the latter, and the living fled in defeat. Kingsburg was captured. Flora lost everything but her life. Her people suffered with her. It is wholly unnecessary to recapitulate the sufferings inflicted on them by the victorious party.—Time has healed those old wounds, but it has opened new ones. It is the history of nations. Time is a child that looks at bloody pictures; closes the book, opens and begins it again to look at the same pictures in fresh colors.

Flora left this country in disgust, and took passage in an English vessel for her own dear far-off isle. On her voyage a French sloop comes up with the British ship and opens on her. The fighting becomes general. Flora stands there on that blood-bespattered deck, and with word, and deed, and gesture, animates the crew. She fell and broke an arm. Thus did she imperil her life both for the House of Stuart and the House of Hanover.

Shortly after her return to Europe, she was joined by her husband. She then, after much adventure, and of a truly he